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Vol. CLIX No. 2074 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC OCTOBER 21 1939

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THE SPHERE

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, October 21, 1939

"A BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE HAS BEEN DISPATCHED TO FRANCE OF A SPECIFIED DIMENSION WITHIN A SPECIFIED TIME"

—Mr. Hore-Belisha, Secretary for War, in the House of Commons Last Week

"I am able to inform the House that we have fulfilled and more than fulfilled our undertaking recently given to France to dispatch to that country in the event of war a British Expeditionary Force of a specified dimension within a specified time," said Mr. Hore-Belisha to a crowded House last week. These contingents, he said, would not be the last to arrive. Other points from his speech were: "Within five weeks of the outbreak of this war we had transported to France 158,000 men. The Expeditionary Force has been transported to France intact without a casualty to any of its personnel. In 1914 there were only 800 mechanised vehicles. We have already on this occasion transported to France more than 25,000 vehicles." In the above picture the head of a British column of army lorries is seen being cheerily greeted by French military motor cyclists

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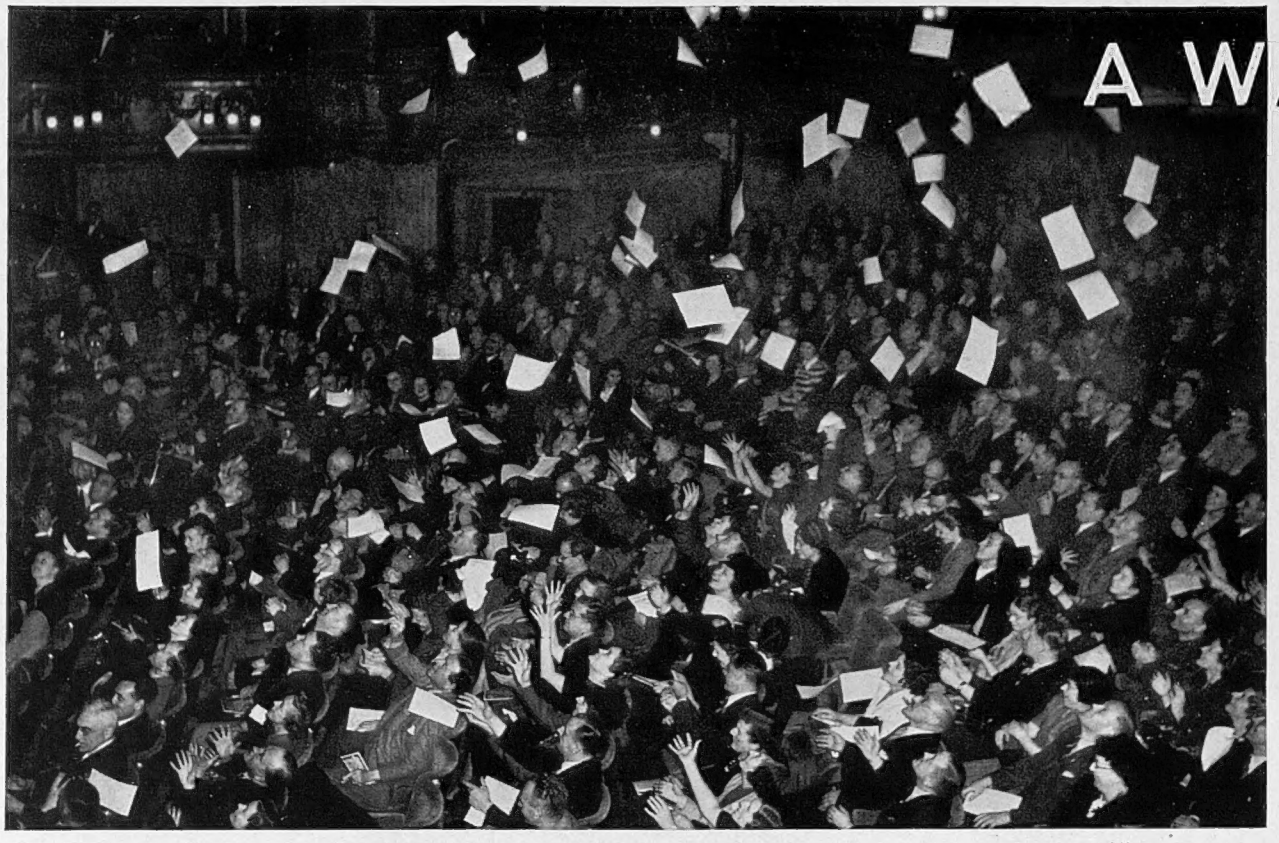


A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. VII

THE "LEAFLET RAID" COMES TO LONDON The interval was fast approaching: the sound of aeroplane engines spread through the auditorium. All eyes went up, to see—a shower of leaflets descending. This was a scene at the opening of London's first war-time revue, *The Little Dog Laughed*, at the London Palladium. *(Further pictures of this play are given on page 87 of this issue)*

A WORTHY SENTIMENT Displayed at a garage on the Southend Road at Woodford, Essex, the proprietor of which has become tired of listening to wild rumour

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4

Wednesday, October 18, 1939.

THREE IN ONE DAY.—

All our fighting services are silent services to-day. But the Navy lived up to its tradition of silence when it announced last Friday night that it had bagged three submarines in one day. A Friday and the thirteenth of the month! The Admiralty allowed itself fifteen words in which to announce this astonishing proof of its vigilance and efficiency. Five words per U-boat destroyed. Certainly it was an unlucky day for the U-boats. If six or seven represented, as Mr. Churchill said, one-tenth of the enemy's submarine fleet, we bagged in a single day a twentieth part of the original fleet and a twelfth part of what remained. For this is certain. The submarine may be replaced fairly quickly but it takes far longer to replace its crew. It is safe to say that by death, capture and the effect of nerve strain the U-boat effectiveness has already been reduced in six weeks by as much as during the best year of combating the same menace in the late war. It is very encouraging news indeed. How right are the services in war-time to be chary of words and to avoid holloa-ing. War is mutual destruction; and before caps, flung in the air, had come down to earth, we learned that a fourth U-boat had sunk the old *Royal Oak* carrying a complement of 1,200. It is a grievous loss, which does not, however, statistically balance the tremendous wastage of German submarines—fifteen at least are claimed by the Allied fleets—in a few weeks of war.

RE-AFFIRMATION.

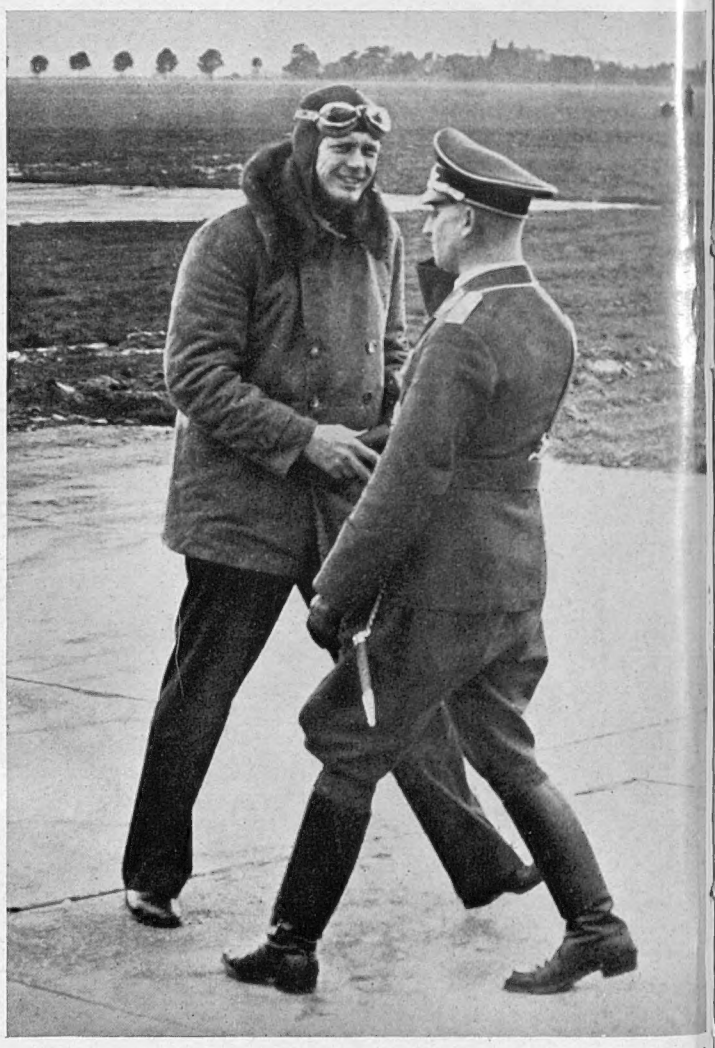
—In answer to the peace ultimatum, Mr. Chamberlain said no more and no less than the nation solidly expected him to say. The door to lasting peace has never been closed to the German people. Hitler and his gang deliberately banged it in their own faces and it remains jammed by their actions. If the German people want lasting peace and justice for all by peaceful agreement the door is still wide open for them. If they want these blessings as bitterly as do Britain and France and the neutral nations, they can have them, and now. There are two courses open to them—to remove or to convert their gangster government. If they can induce Hitler (by their own chosen methods) to try again in a totally changed spirit, with convincing proof of a sincere desire for peace, with definite acts as evidence of a new conversion to honourable conduct, with a hint of repentance for past crimes and constructive proposals for righting the wrongs he has perpetrated, then we will even accept the changed Hitler as their mouthpiece and treat with him. Until that time comes—and it seems remote enough as yet—the Allies have no course but to prosecute the war forced on them, with utter determination, and to live on in the nightmare of imbecility and waste which is war. The alternative? Another year (or years) like that which followed Munich; another war scare every three months; another long agony of humiliation in the cause of peace at the coarse hands of one or more dictators. I believe there is not one widow in France or England with an only child even now at the front who would wish to exchange for those alternatives again the agonies of the present hour.

DEPRESSING TO READ AND HEAR.

—Apart from the mouthings of that tragic mountebank and almost penitent thief, Hitler, there were two things which chiefly saddened me last week. The first was to read the list of names (and salaries) of the "first hundred thousand" in that ineffable Ministry of Information. The names told the story of the coffee-housing and nepotism which were employed to collect the bunch of privilege for the redundant department, and told the old, old story of the bureaucratic tradition which oppresses us. Here are gathered men, snatched from other jobs, to be paid by the tax-payer; men living in the country on pensions, assured of a "good war" with £600 a year as a start; relatives shoved in where the going is good; a glorious beanfeast in the war tradition of Lloyd George. And the second was to listen to the B.B.C. announcer, in a voice smug and self-satisfied, humorously detailing recipes of potato substitutes recommended to German housewives. If this is the B.B.C.'s dignified notion of keeping our spirits up and our will to victory resolute, it is time another director was appointed. A week ago Sir John Reith was still looking for employment. He might come back again. Reading and hearing these gloomy matters, I thought of those scores of housewives working themselves to death all over the country without pay or reward or recognition, and I thought of the men who have said to me, and still say, "*This* time it's a crusade." But no; it's the mixture as before, if these gloomy evidences are any guide.

THE LOGIC OF THINGS.

—It may be a long war or it may be a short. It may be we shall suffer an orgy of air bombardment, it may be that London will know nothing worse than in 1915–18. Time will show. But time will, I believe, show this also, and it is a comforting reflection which seems to arrange in logical sequence all the mysterious loose ends and surprises of this war: I mean, the evolution of international opinion as regards war and frightfulness in war and the value of morality in international relations. It took many scores of centuries to convince *homo sapiens* that it didn't pay to kill his neighbour for his goods or his wife. Thus came human civilisation. It worked slower with nations. But after the Great War, several great nations were convinced at last that war didn't pay and that morality in international relations did pay. Among the nations not yet convinced was Germany. For seventy years her every action had proved her a *nouveau riche*. To-day it seems evident she, too, and even her present-day leaders, are becoming convinced of this profound truth which individual men arrived at centuries ago. Even Hitler agrees that war on equal terms doesn't pay. Even Hitler has learned that international crookedness is devilish awkward when at last force turns out to oppose brute force, and a "grave statesman's" most solemn protestations and promises evoke nothing but disgust and laughter from all who dare to laugh out loud. It is our belief that Germany and Nazism are reaching this discovery, which gives the key to some of the puzzles of these early weeks of war.



COLONEL LINDBERGH, AUTHOR OF THE WAR'S MOST INEPT PRONOUNCEMENT, WITH ONE OF HIS NAZI FRIENDS In a broadcast made a few days ago, Colonel Lindbergh made a quite gratuitous statement which has aroused resentment on both sides of the Atlantic. In effect his statement was that Canada should detach herself from the British Commonwealth in order to preserve American independence and to keep the U.S.A. out of war! The Colonel (not long since a guest in this country) has previously made awkward *gaffes* of a similar nature; he is reported to be "a fervent admirer of Nazi strength; and is now developing the Hitler mind"

THE WINNER OF THE LADY'S RACE AT NEWMARKET Miss V. Bullock was this year's winner of the race for the Newmarket Town Plate—open only to lady riders. Miss Bullock rode Contrevent (also seen above) winner of last year's Cesarewitch

NAZI DIPLOMACY.

—It is a remarkable record, the failure of German diplomacy. Time after time, in the history of the past thirty years, Germany has been hoist with her own petard. She digged a pit for others and has fallen into it herself. In 1914 she laid her plans on the assumption that France was decadent and Britain far too much involved at home to come to France's assistance. A year later she sank the *Lusitania* and brought America's powerful aid to the Allied cause. It seems that without an insight into the psychology of neighbour nations, no diplomatic policy can long succeed. The business man studies his rival's character, the judge, the lawyer, the doctor, the detective, the dress designer, the novelist, dramatist, every profession comprehends the great importance of the study. But the Nazi diplomat has a blind spot. He measures others with his national yardstick and will not admit that there are psychological differences among nations. The rape of Czechoslovakia, the Goebbels hate campaigns, the war of nerves, the Soviet pact, the peace kite, swiftly or slowly had consequences utterly different to those which Nazi diplomacy foresaw. And to-day it seems that Nazi diplomats have even scorned to study the psychology of their own allies and their own people.

ALL'S LOST. TO PRAYERS!

—"All's lost, ladies," shouted the captain of the sinking liner, putting his head into the saloon. "All's lost! To your prayers!" "Good God! Captain," said one panic-stricken lady, "is it *as bad as that?*" So ran the comic story, which many have laughed over. I *didn't* read Hitler's olive-branch speech but my eye caught a tail-piece in leaded type. It was a tardy reference to the aid to be expected from Almighty God to the Fatherland. Surely the most disgusting of all his blatant periods! The reference apparently was not to the gods of German mythology, nor to the classical gods of war or thunder or iron, but to the Christian God. Hitler must imagine that He has a memory as short as himself or as the Soviet leaders. In the past years Hitler and his régime have driven Christ from Germany with insults and whips (as they treated the Communists). Has it then come to this? Is the ship so near sinking that the captain orders his obedient passengers to prayers to the God he has reviled so consistently? Has he remembered suddenly that "Good old God of ours," who so often figured in the Kaiser's victory speeches between 1914 and 1917? Things must then be bad indeed within the Reich.

BOB SIEVIER.

—Even the war shall not squeeze out a reference to Bob Sievier. This was the gambler born and he is burned on my Edwardian memories, for was he not the owner of the mighty Sceptre? In the last year of the Victorian Age, he sold his shirt and bought the yearling daughter of Persimmon at the Duke of Westminster's bloodstock sale. He had had a wonderful year of gambling and was able to pay 10,000 guineas in cash for her. His friends thought him mad, but she swept the Classic board for him and when she had won him £40,000 in stakes and twice as much in bets, he sold her for £25,000 and it was supposed to have broken his heart, which, however, went on beating for thirty-six years more. He was always in trouble, always fighting, always broke or bursting. The racecourse was his life and the tables gave him his daily fare. He wrote his autobiography in middle life and I remember the opening sentence: "I was born in a hansom cab and have been going on ever since." Such goings-on, too. Well back in the Victorian Age, this gambler, who was the grandson of a famous sculptor but started life in poverty, married the daughter of a marquis; and the poor woman survived till 1930. In trouble or triumph the British public had a soft spot for Bob Sievier; it always loves a gambler and a professional litigant; it connects these characteristics for some reason with the ideal of liberty, for which we take up arms. Born in a hansom cab, he carried on the "great traditions" of the "great days" to the last page, and now when men drive motor cars at 400 m.p.h. and the "great days" are really gone, fate has written finis to his troubled career and settled his complicated account.

THE CENOTAPH CEREMONY.

—There has from time to time been speculation how long the Cenotaph ceremony would be continued in its official and national form. Its appeal had shown no signs of weakening. In all those speculations it was assumed that the Great War was one of those tremendous events of history unlikely to recur in a century and none dreamed that the end to the continuity of the ceremony would come from another world war. It is unlikely to be revived exactly as it was, though it may well be in the future that a national day and period of remembrance will be ordained to honour those who gave their lives in two mighty struggles to maintain freedom in our day. Every village in Britain, acres of land in France, bear memorials to the dead of many nations. Who thought that in their lifetime they might see these monuments in stone and metal duplicated?

THE SIPHONEERS.

—I met with my first victim of the new war fashion in theft. It is rife in London. My victim was late at a rendezvous and explained that he had left his car in a garage, full overnight of petrol, but when he came to start up, the tank was empty. The siphoneer works with only a yard of thin rubber piping. He inserts one end into the tank, the other is laid to an empty petrol tin, after he has sucked out the air. Then gravitation laws milk his cow for him. Which does not mean there is a shortage of petrol. Far from it, the difficulty is to find places to store it. But petrol is hard to obtain. So car thieves go for it instead of for suitcases. Beware of them.

CENSORSHIP AND FRANKNESS.

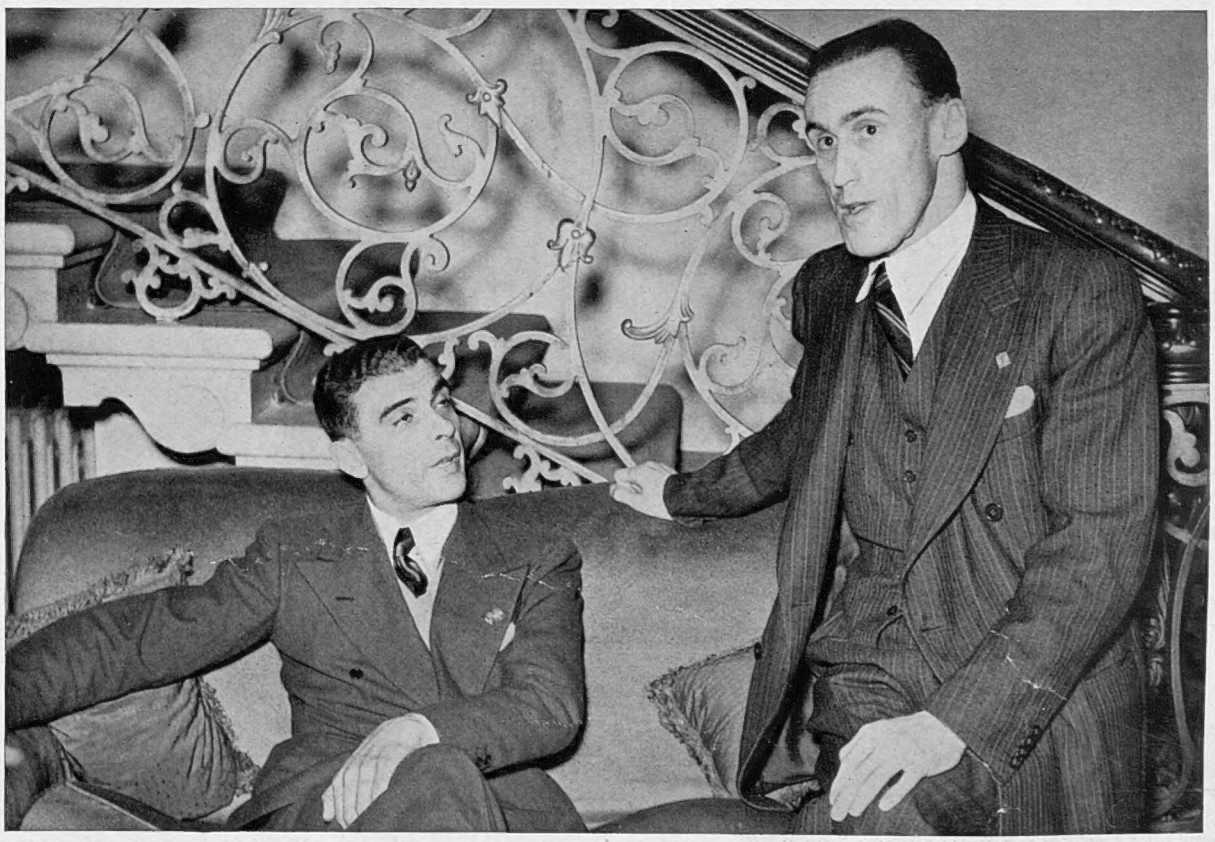
—We are assuredly remarkable for the official mind of our Governments. In the past weeks the most insanely careful precautions have been taken that nothing shall leak out as to details of the B.E.F. The enemy is prepared to expend lives in ascertaining facts about its opposing armies and it has always been regarded in war as a vital necessity of strategy to know the name and study the character of your opposing commander, and the numbers of the forces engaged. Now after several weeks of complete "black out," Mr. Belisha has given to the world the exact number of British troops in France, the names of the chief generals and the precise number of mechanised vehicles we have taken to France. It is all very surprising to an ignoramus.

LOVE FLIES.

—Eros is to be moved again. He often flits from Piccadilly Circus and now his safety is tardily remembered. He was banished in 1925 when underground work was in progress and was taken away again for repairs in 1932 after a drunken sot had damaged him. A still more valuable London statue (and therefore rarity) remains so far *in situ*. Le Sueur's statue of Charles I and splendid horse has also flitted before now and once lay *perdu* (during the Commonwealth) in a founder's yard. If Eros goes, Charles should go too. Nelson must take his chance, and the same bomb which gets the German Embassy is welcome to the Duke of York's column. And there are many other London monuments which we shall not greatly miss (if the Germans do not).

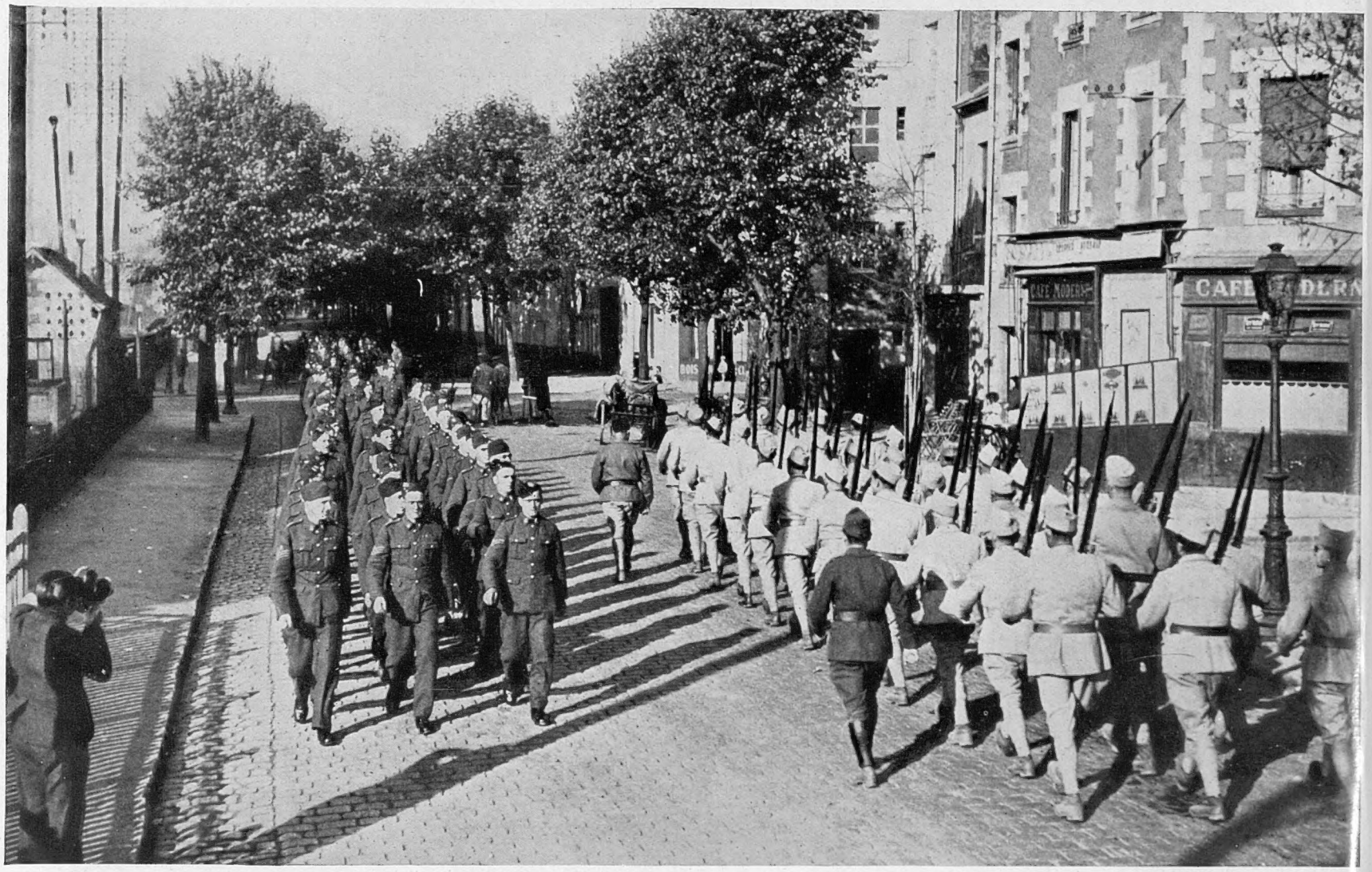
TO THE SPELEOS.

—I was moved by a recent "light article only" in the "Thunderer." It was concerned with the word Speleology—the study of caves—and other words now scientifically current derived from the root. It was never our national custom to call a spade a spade, nor our desire to use a short simple English word where a longer, foreign-made word would serve. South Kensington always rejected napkin for the politer "serviette." We cannot, will not, dare not, face bald facts except in matters of life and death. France, a nation of realists, is content with *hommes* and *dames* where we must find polite substitutes. The simplest designations of the newest triumphs of science were soon rejected and we coined aeroplane, radio, cinema. And now we live under war conditions and must clearly agitate for the elimination of that horrid, vulgar, realistic word "dug-out." The thing itself is a vital necessity but it is not necessary to call the spade-work spade-work. Obviously it must be called a "speleo," and we must refer to the "Chief Speleologist of the L.C.C.," and so forth, just so long as speleolatry is a national fashion. "To the Speleos." THE OLD STAGER



ITALY'S NEW AMBASSADOR ARRIVES IN SUCCESSION TO SIGNOR GRANDI Signor Giuseppe Bastianini arrived in London last week-end as the Italian Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. It is reported that he has brought with him an important Peace message from Mussolini. Here he is seen (on left) with Signor Grolla, Chargé d'Affaires at the Embassy

NEWS out of FRANCE : and NEWS from GERMANY and SWITZERLAND



THE ALLIED ARMIES—BRITISH AND FRENCH—PASS ONE ANOTHER IN THE STREET OF A FRENCH TOWN

ONLY 20 PER CENT. OF THE BRITISH FIGHTING FORCE IN FRANCE ARE INFANTRYMEN. HERE SOME OF THE ARMY ARE SEEN RESTING NEAR A WOOD ON A SUNNY MORNING

"Nearly 60 per cent. of the fighting troops in 1914 were infantrymen, relying on their rifles and bayonets and two machine guns per battalion. Now only 20 per cent. of the fighting troops are infantrymen with fifty Bren guns, twenty-two anti-tank rifles and other weapons as well per battalion," said Mr. Hore-Belisha in the House last week. "There is one respect in which our Army has not altered—its relations with our Allies, who have welcomed the men so generously"

A PICTURE OUT OF BERLIN OF CONSIDERABLE INTEREST

This picture of a little Berlin crowd listening to a broadcast of Herr Hitler's latest speech reached us on Monday. Who exactly took it we do not know, but it appears to be genuine. The scene is outside some kind of radio station. There are a few chairs but no gas-masks are visible. The group includes postmen, taxi drivers and housewives and men of various rank. It cannot be described as a cheery group!

Right—
A neutral zone has been made between the Swiss and French frontier at Geneva following an agreement between the French and Swiss governments. Traders of both countries can enter this neutral area and exchange goods. Deals are mostly in fruit, much of which goes from France into Switzerland

THE FRENCH ADVANCE INTO GERMAN TERRITORY

FRENCH CATERPILLAR TRACTORS ON THE WAY TO THEIR POSITIONS ON THE WESTERN FRONT

This picture is typical of the heavy material which has been transported by railway up to pre-determined positions within the French lines

FRENCH INFANTRY ADVANCING ALONG CAPTURED GERMAN TRENCHES

SOME OF THE MAN-TRAPS AND LAND MINES AVOIDED BY THE FRENCH TROOPS

A TYPICAL communiqué from the French command last week ran as follows: "Yesterday morning, in the region of Saarbrücken, some 200 of the enemy, taking advantage of a light mist, attempted a raid to capture prisoners and get information of the French positions. They were able, by using the terrain and the misty conditions to the best advantage, to creep right up to the barbed-wire entanglements protecting the front line. Then they were sighted by a sentry and the alarm was given.

"Immediately the French were able to direct machine-gun fire at the enemy, who were held up by the wire. The Germans replied by throwing grenades, but the French firing was so intense that the Germans were obliged to retire, leaving about thirty dead."

A feature of the fighting so far has been the widespread and ingenious planting of mine traps by the Nazis. When the French occupied villages in the early days of the campaign the traps mostly took the form of mines which went off when a half-open door was pushed or the door of a sideboard opened. The moving of loose paving stones has also touched off mines. French sappers have found ways of detecting most of these devices. In the present phase of patrol and outpost warfare the Germans have been resorting to other methods. During the day they lay traps on routes that the French patrols are likely to follow during the night.

Sir Kingsley Wood, in his concise informative summary of the air arm's work to date, said that: "In the Bomber Command, apart from the larger operations upon which they have been engaged, there have been many and valuable reconnaissance flights. They have taken place day after day over German territory, and hundreds of hours of flying have been recorded. Vital military information has been gained and recorded and units have familiarised themselves with the country over which they will be called upon to operate. Day and night reconnaissance aircraft are penetrating into the enemy's country, testing his defences and observing his troop concentrations. A complete photographic map of the Siegfried Line has been made."

EVIDENCE OF THE DAY-TO-DAY WORK OF THE R.A.F. OVER GERMAN TERRITORY—AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE SAARBRÜCKEN DISTRICT

This aerial view of Saarbrücken was taken from a British reconnaissance machine when flying over the German towns and advanced positions in the Saar valley. Details of roads, railways, houses and works are clearly visible. At the top the dark band is the Saar river. In the foreground is a thickly-wooded district. Certain white patches are declared to be gun sites and pill-boxes

IN A GERMAN SAAR VALLEY VILLAGE

French infantrymen wander through the villages occupied since the French advance cleared a long strip of territory. The Gasthaus is completely boarded up and closed

SHE REMAINED BEHIND WITH THE GRANDCHILDREN IN SPITE OF THE FRENCH ADVANCE

This old German woman is standing outside her house in a German village occupied by French troops

THE STRATEGY OF THE WAR—No. IV

A Week-by-Week Commentary on the Military Situation

By GENERAL SIR CHARLES HARINGTON, G.C.B., G.B.E., D.S.O., D.C.L.

AS I write, with the map of Europe in front of me, it is difficult to realise what has happened during the past few weeks or to believe that it has been possible for one man alone to have been able to bring about a general upheaval of Europe, bringing with it, as it must, the sacrifice of thousands and thousands of lives by sea, land and air and also of the civil community and women and children, and at a time when the world only wanted to live peacefully and when trade all round was improving. It appears to be simply because this one man wants to dominate Europe by brute force. It was bad enough to look on and watch him overrun Czechoslovakia and others, but when it came to Danzig, the Corridor, and all Poland, it became essential for France and Great Britain to cry "Halt."

The world thought and hoped that he would see the red light, but not a bit of it. He went madly over the crossing to the imminent danger of others. Luckily the French and British were quick enough to take his number and he will have to answer for his action. He, however, at the last moment, foolishly perhaps for him, called in an accomplice to help him in his burglary of Poland. His accomplice who only had a small job to do, soon saw his chance and has already eaten up more than half Poland, has squatted down between Germany and Rumania and day by day has eaten up another Baltic state—Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania have all been put through the same process. A minister is sent for to Moscow and forced to sign a pact by which Russia can plant naval and air bases just wherever she likes and can take any convenient islands.

As I write, Finland is being put through the same mill but is trying hard to resist. Without firing a shot Stalin has taken command of the Baltic and freed Russia of her old ice-bound ports and now is more than well placed for the time when the burglars of Poland fall out. These two, in particular, have never been friends and have said some very rude things about each other from time to time. Judging from Hitler's recent speech and his abuse of the fighting powers of the Poles, it would seem as if he could have finished them off without having had to call on his friend. It is more than likely that he now wishes that he had not called him in.

To antagonise Italy, Spain, Japan and all the Baltic states was a big price to pay and those naval and air bases in the Baltic are very near Germany. At the moment, we read of thousands of Germans being uprooted from the Balkan states, in which they have lived for years, and being sent back to Germany.

Anyhow, they mean more mouths to feed, which is all to our good. It certainly seems an odd policy at the moment when Hitler is always stressing the necessity for getting back his colonies in order to provide more living space. It does not look as if these people will provide a very contented element when they do get back. It is clear that the Scandinavian countries are viewing this new situation with considerable concern, as is evidenced by the forthcoming meeting of their respective kings. The situation created by Hitler bristles with possibilities and dangers.

It may be quite easy for Stalin to pick a quarrel with Hitler over the line of demarcation in Poland which they marked out together or on some other pretext, and if Germany is heavily engaged with France and Great Britain on the west, it would be very awkward for Hitler if his friend, who is so well versed in backdoor tactics, was to get amongst his Nazis from the east. Hitler used to talk a lot about "encirclement." He may well feel it himself before long. He cannot have made many friends by his sinking of neutral ships. Once get that circle formed and there would be lots of offers from present neutrals to make the circle quite round.

All the countries in south-east Europe realise the bombshell which Hitler has dropped and are naturally concerned for their own future. It was refreshing to hear Sir Kingsley Wood's account of the doings and prospects of the Royal Air Force and everyone will join with him in admiration for the splendid work which the R.A.F. has already accomplished.

Mr. Hore-Belisha on Wednesday gave us the first news of the British Expeditionary Force and it was good to hear that the whole force, accompanied by such a tremendous amount of mechanical vehicles, had been safely transported across without a single casualty. It is also interesting to hear that only 20 per cent. are now infantrymen as against 60 per cent. in 1914.

How war has changed. How clearly it shows the part, as I said last week, that oil, petrol and workshops will play in this war. Anyhow, one cannot take away the fact that it was the old infantryman behind his rifle who saved us at the first battle of Ypres. There were no armoured vehicles in those days and very little artillery ammunition—just the gallant man behind his rifle, and he did not fail us. True, modern inventions and mechanical transport have entirely altered our methods of warfare to-day, but in spite of that we must not belittle the deeds of "The Old Contemptibles." Their sacrifices for us are marked by the "little white crosses" in France and Flanders.

There is no doubt whatever that the present generation will follow the example of their fathers and will acquit themselves as well. The fighting on the Western Front goes on quietly. The French have gained much useful ground in the Saarbrücken region between the Rhine and Moselle and have secured and made good many points of vantage, which are evidently annoying the Germans, who are making severe attempts to regain them but without success. The Germans are evidently now making strong raids in order to gain information and get identifications, and if possible to find out where the British are. They do not appear to have been lucky so far. Meanwhile the Allied Air Forces seem to have flown over the German lines with comparatively little interference and must have obtained the most priceless information and photographs. Now that our war correspondents have been allowed to go to the front, it is likely that we shall get much more interesting news before long.

On Thursday we heard our Prime Minister's speech. What a delightfully dignified, clear and firm speech it was. It was just England at her best and made us all feel proud. What a glorious contrast to Hitler's "Anyone who opposes Germany opposes me" and "If anyone wants war they can have it," etc. The Prime Minister's telling sentences that we are at war for the defence of our freedom and that only acts and not words will now count from Hitler and his government was good hearing. His final sentence that it is for Germany to make her choice was indeed a classic.

No man ever passed a heavier "baby" to another. We now await the result. The whole responsibility for world chaos, suffering, misery and the lives of thousands and thousands is now firmly planted on his shoulders. Will he accept that responsibility? It is difficult for him to retract. He can only exist by going on. To halt means that he begins to slip back, and once on the slide backwards he will go right to the bottom of the slope, and he knows it. Yet if he gets to grips with the Allies on the Western Front he will be haunted by seeing over his shoulder the smile of Stalin who may one day stab his Nazis in the back. Hitler has played the part of a desperate gambler. A gambler's end is frequently not a happy one. We shall see.

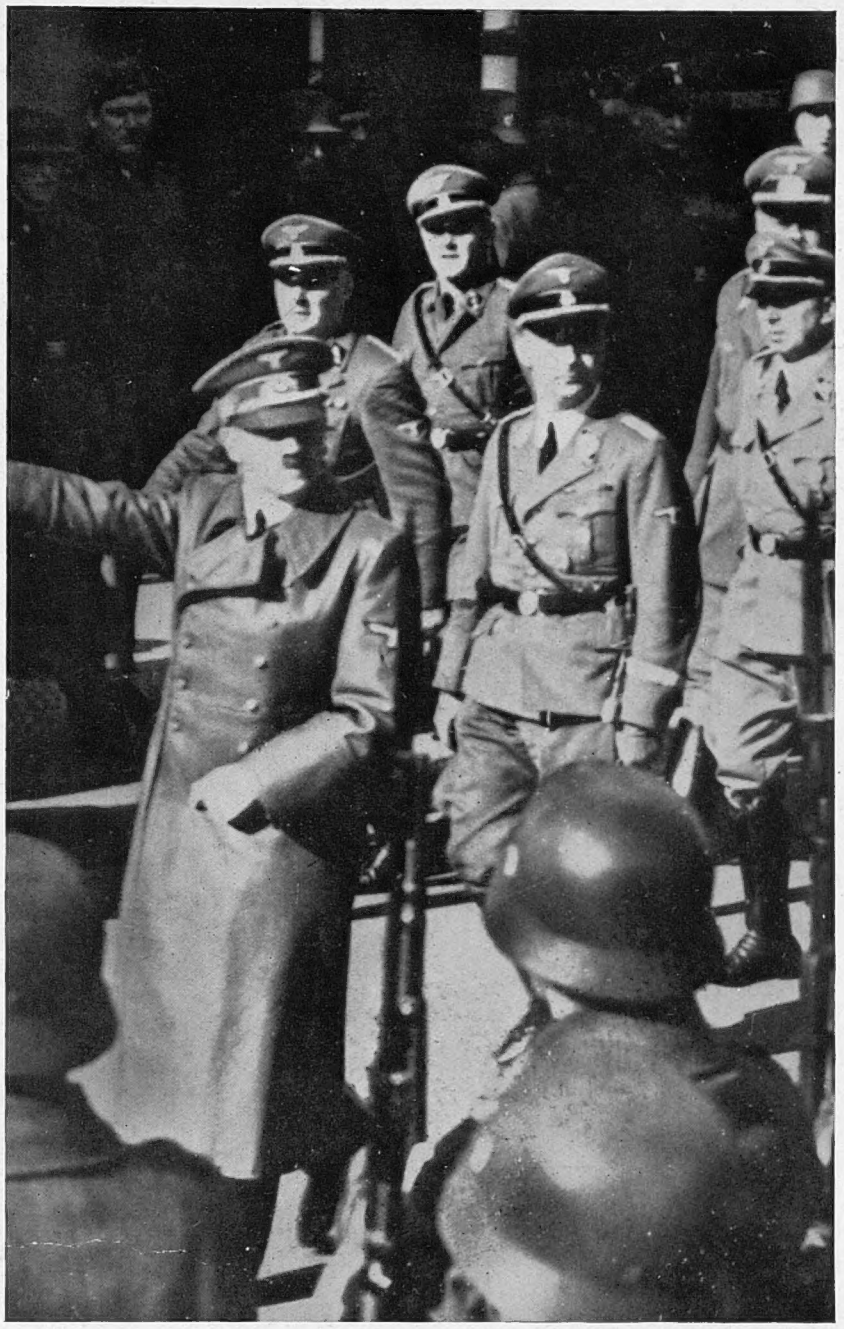
We learn with interest that Hitler has gone to the Western Front. Does this mean the launching of a big attack on the Maginot Line? If it does it will certainly not be with the approval of his generals. They are much too good soldiers for that, but he is quite mad enough to overule them in the same way as he evidently overruled Admiral Raeder's views regarding the Baltic.

It is clear that the leaflet war must be drawing to a close. I only hope that the German people and soldiers will get a copy of the Prime Minister's speech before the close. Is Hitler going to give the order "Let loose the bombers"? I don't think so. He could not afford the losses entailed. He has, however, got to make the first move and it must be puzzling him very considerably where to make it. He is faced with a position in front of him the strength of which has never been conceived in history.

The only ways round mean more violations of neutrality via Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg or Switzerland and, in any case, any idea of surprise is out of the question. The Allied "eyes" have got him and they won't let him go. Modern armies of the size required for those sort of operations cannot entirely hide their tracks. Many men and vehicles can move by night and can hide by day but the night is not long enough to move thousands of vehicles and also cover up the tracks from the air, especially where, as now, the roads and fields are muddy. Anyhow, we shall know more shortly.

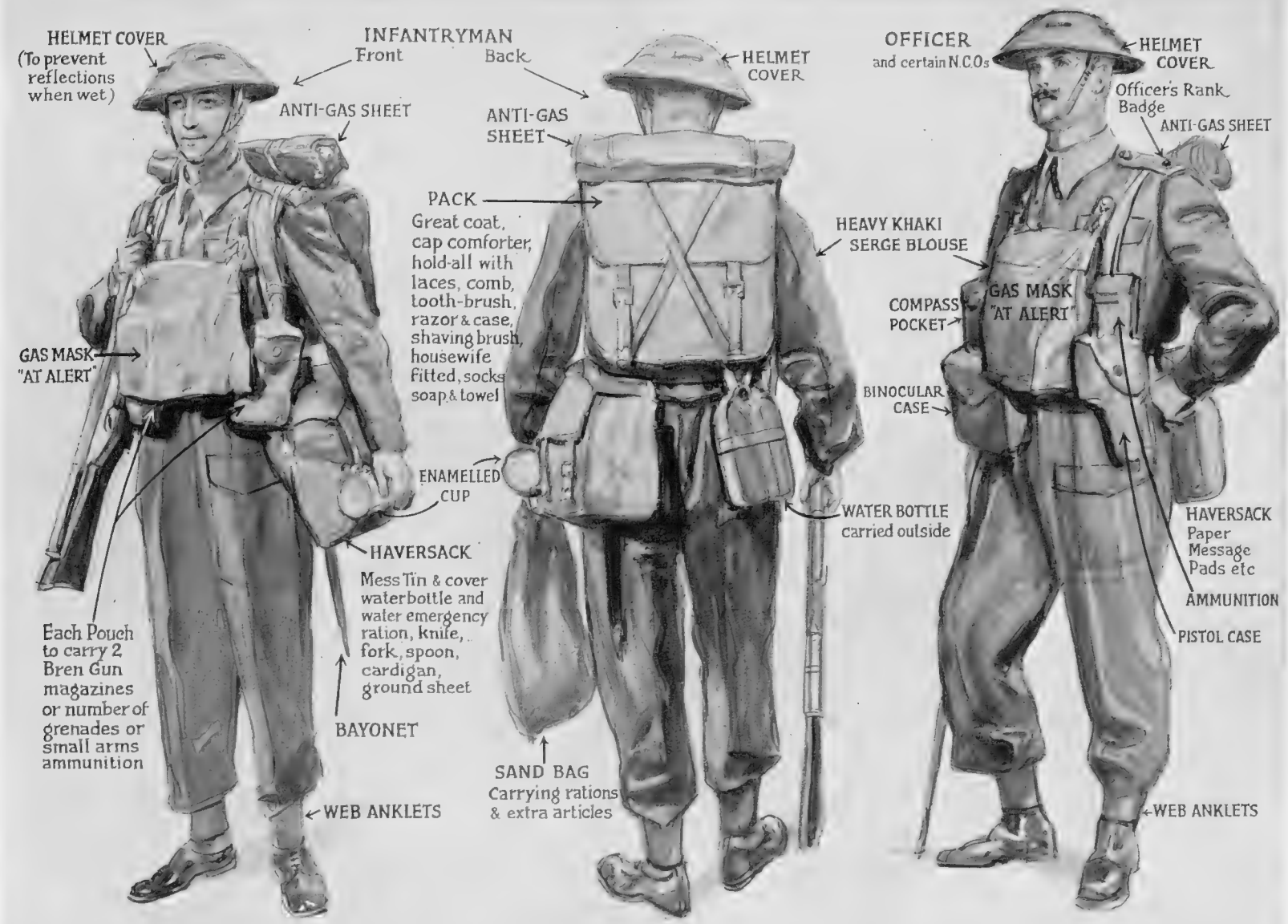
I do not think that Hitler will hesitate for a moment to violate the neutrality of any or all of the neighbouring states if he thinks that thereby he can ensure a way round just as the Kaiser did not hesitate to make his sweep through Belgium in 1914.

Hitler, however, has many other factors to consider than his predecessor. The economic problem of Germany is very different from what it was in 1914. We doubt if the German morale and keenness for war is anything like as high as it was in 1914. Armies to-day to be fed at long distances from their base will consume a terrific amount of petrol and oil, both vital factors in this war. It is obvious that Hitler's one chance is to open up the war by some means. Sitting opposite or attacking the Maginot Line won't get him any results and his people will get hungry and weary of waiting.



WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

This picture was taken whilst Hitler was inspecting the Guard of Honour on his arrival at the Kroll Opera House for his recent Reichstag speech. He is followed by the Gestapo chief, Himmler, who, it will be observed, is without an overcoat (as, indeed, were also other members of Hitler's entourage). Close inspection of this picture will reveal a definite bulge beneath the German leader's overcoat as if he were wearing a stout chest protector. Can it be that report is true, and that Hitler has now adopted some sort of bullet-proof waistcoat for his greater protection? The bulge is definitely there and we leave it to our readers to speculate on its real reason



Front view of Trooper — Back view of Trooper — Front view of Officer

THE "BATTLE DRESS" OF THE BRITISH ARMY

The "Battle dress" with which the army overseas is equipped is universal—alike for man, officer and commander. It is a two-piece garment, consisting of blouse and trousers of heavy khaki serge, buttoning at the wrists and ankles, the ankles being further protected by web anklets.

The clothing to be worn apart from the "Battle dress—blouse and trousers with field dressing"—are ankle boots, woollen drawers, shirts, socks, field service cap, braces, with clasp-knife, pay-book, and identity disc, weighing between 13 lb. 14 ozs. and 11 lb. 11 ozs. according to size of the man.

The basic equipment is a webbing belt and cross shoulder straps of the same material. In full kit, the pack is worn on the shoulders. This contains great-coat, cap comforter, holdall with comb, toothbrush, razor and case, shaving brush, housewife (fitted), socks, soap, towel; it weighs from 11 lb. to 9 lb. 12 ozs.

The haversack fitted on to the belt at the left side over the bayonet is common to all sets. It accommodates mess tin, water bottle in carrier, emergency ration, knife, fork and spoon, cardigan when not worn, and ground-sheet if desired.

Should the packs be carried by the motor transport of the battalion, the smaller haversack would be carried on the back together with the overcoat rolled in ground sheets.

In our illustrations one man is seen carrying a sandbag containing perhaps rations and some other articles, while the porcelain enamelled mug is very general though not official.

There is nothing to distinguish the officer with regard to the dress except the badge of rank on his shoulder strap in worsted. His equipment is different, for he carries revolver with ammunition, binoculars, and compass, all in webbing cases, and a small haversack at the left side—for paper, message pads, etc.

There is a large patch pocket on the front of the left trouser capable of holding maps, etc. The equipment is similar to the officers' for some N.C.O.s and tank personnel armed with pistol. The only officers decorated with a red coil of braid on the collar are commanders of formations.

THE "BATTLE DRESS" OF THE TROOPER IN ACTION

This dress is new to the eye and has to stand the test of experience before a final verdict can be given upon it

BOW VIEW OF THE GERMAN BATTLESHIP "DEUTSCHLAND" AS SHE STEAMED DOWN CHANNEL

The battleship *Deutschland* is flying the flag of the admiral commanding the squadron. Above the bridge is the stump mast with its fire-control platforms, the whole surmounted by an extremely long rangefinder, its arms sticking out like signboards each side. Behind the mast is a seaplane with its operating crane topped up behind it; and ranged round the top of the after funnel are the searchlights, showing black against the lighter funnel paint

WHEN the Nazi government came into power and surveyed the German naval position, it was evidently concerned not to antagonise Great Britain unnecessarily by a direct challenge to a naval arms race. At the same time as they proceeded to abrogate the disarmament clauses of the Treaty of Versailles, the Nazis negotiated a naval treaty with us by which they accepted a navy roughly one-third the size of ours; with one exception. That exception was in submarines, in which Germany was to have 45 per cent. of the British submarine tonnage; and, subject to due notice being given, 100 per cent.

The Anglo-German Naval Treaty was signed in 1935, though German naval construction in violation of the Versailles stipulations had commenced some time before. Early in 1936, just after the Treaty had been signed, the German naval command announced a 5 to 6 year programme, which when completed would give Germany a total of 5 battleships, 3 "pocket battleships," 14 cruisers, 2 aircraft-carriers, 40 destroyers and torpedo boats, and about 22,000 tons worth of submarines.

A short time before the war, the state of this programme was approximately as follows. Two battleships (*Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau*) of 26,000 tons and 11-in. guns had been completed, and two more of 35,000 tons and 15-in. guns were building. One 6-in. and two 8-in. gun cruisers were ready, and five more with 8-in. guns were building. One aircraft-carrier had been launched; while twenty-six destroyers had been added to the fleet.

The most important addition to us lay in the growth of the submarine. It has been mentioned that in 1935 Germany agreed to a 45 per cent. ratio in submarine *tonnage*. By building much smaller boats than our own Germany was enabled to construct a much larger proportion in number of ships than the tonnage ratio would suggest.

Germany had recently about the same number of submarines as ourselves, having built nearly seventy

On left — **TWO POCKET BATTLESHIPS (OFFICIALLY KNOWN AS "ARMOURED SHIPS") IN LINE AHEAD**

The one in the foreground is the *Admiral Graf Spee*. Just under the searchlight above the bridge can be seen the word "Coronel" displayed as a battle honour. The three 11-in. guns of the fore turret are in the foreground, while it is of interest to note that the sheet anchor has only a few links of chain instead of a complete cable as in our own ships. It is also possible to pick out four of the eight 5·9-in. guns, and four of the six anti-aircraft 3·4-in. In the background is the *Deutschland*

THE LONG TAPERING LINES OF THE GERMAN CRUISER "KÖLN," A PRE-HITLER VESSEL

The GERMAN NAVY at the OUTBREAK of WAR

A Detailed Examination of Some of Its Crack Vessels, Illustrated by Views Obtained by a British Press Photographer from the Air During the German Squadron's Recent Cruise to Spanish Waters Before the Declaration of War

On left—**THE STERN OF THE "ADMIRAL GRAF SPEE"** It gives a very good view of the two pairs of quadruple torpedo tubes on the quarterdeck. In front of each pair and again further aft close to the ship's side, are four cask-like objects which are probably depth charges. Further forward are the wings of an aircraft, the Iron Cross marking on its wing tips plainly visible

boats in the last six years. Moreover, in December, 1938, the German Government notified us of its intention to build up to the full 100 per cent. of our submarine tonnage, a notification rendered all the more significant by the more recent abrogation of the Anglo-German Naval Treaty altogether.

A chance of forming an idea of the condition of the German Navy in 1939 was provided a few months before the declaration of war by the cruise of the German Squadron to Spanish waters. This squadron consisted of two pocket battleships, one or two cruisers, and some destroyers and submarines. The photographs here reproduced show some of the ships of this squadron as they were passing down Channel.

* * *

The pocket battleships are in many ways noteworthy ships. In constructing them, their plates were welded and not rivetted, and they were the first warships of such a size to be so treated, the process being said to have saved 550 tons weight. They were also the first warships of large size to be fitted with Diesel engines as their main propelling machinery. These give them a speed of 26 knots and the very long endurance of 10,000 miles. Moreover, their particular method of propulsion enables them to get the maximum out of every ton of fuel consumed; for unlike steam-driven ships which have to keep steam in their boilers at sea whether they are moving or not, they do not use an ounce of Diesel oil when their engines are stopped.

Their 11-in. guns, which can shoot 30,000 yards, are of course larger than those of any other ship of comparable size. The ships present, in fact, a strategical problem which can hardly have been foreseen. For the only ships of ours which are both fast enough to catch them and strong enough to fight them if caught are the battle cruisers, which means that 30,000 tons would have to be sent in chase of 10,000.

R. G.

The cruiser *Köln* is again flying an admiral's flag. This is also one of the "pre-Hitler" vessels, having been completed in 1930. Six of her nine 5·9-in. guns can be seen in two turrets in the foreground, on one of which is painted the white cross of an aircraft identification mark. Pointing skywards just forward of this turret is a pair of 3·4-in. anti-aircraft guns, and another pair is to be seen a little to the right. Once again the rangefinder surmounting the fire control mast is very prominent; but the searchlights, instead of being mounted on the funnel, as in the *Deutschland*, have each their own separate platform

SHELLS FOR

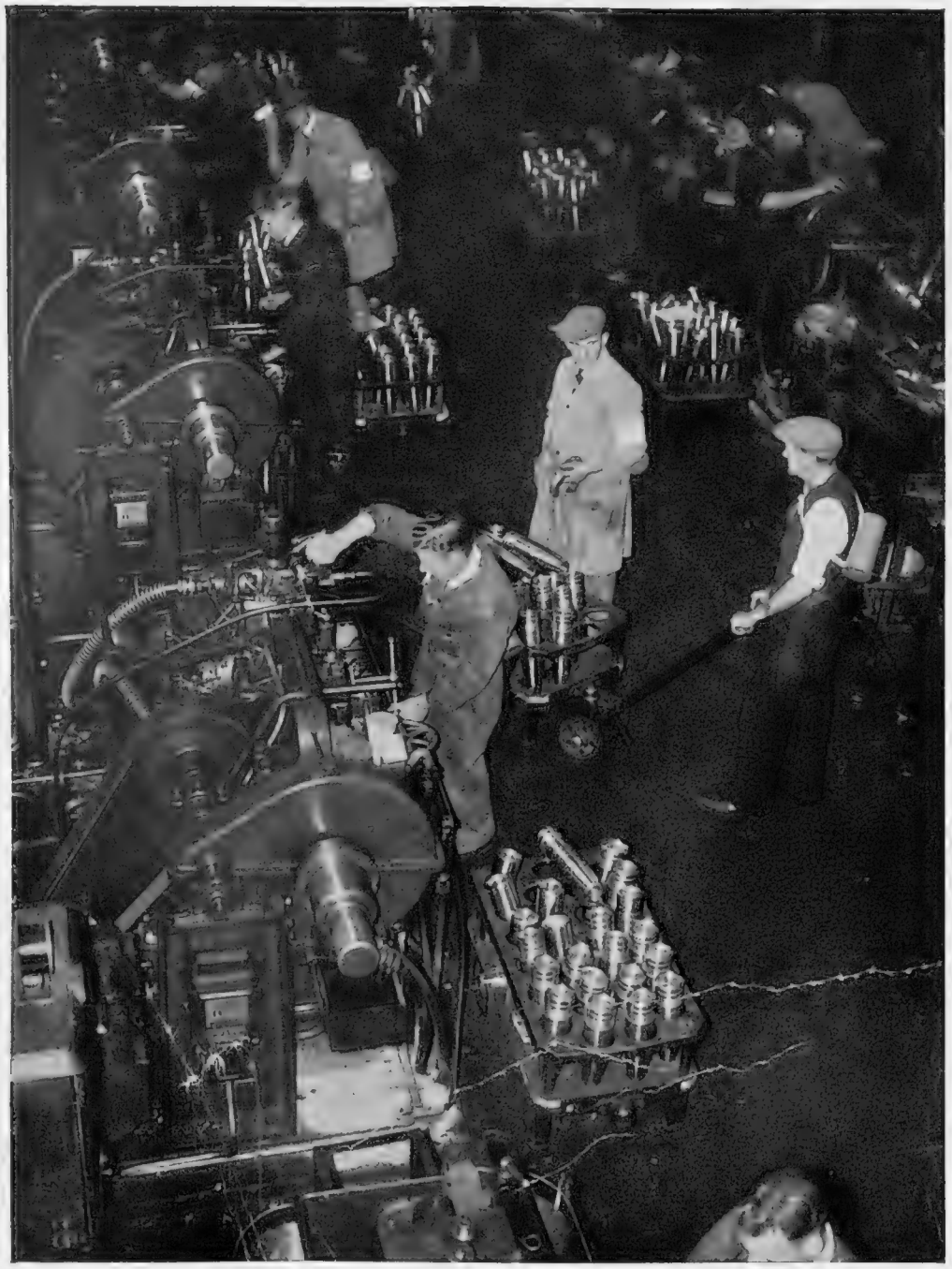
In a Constant Stream from Unnamed

A GIANT'S FINGERS SEIZE THE GLOWING MASS WHICH IS TO BECOME A SHELL

Slung on a traveller working from above, the operator can handle these primitive lumps of metal without harm, and at the same time protect himself from the great heat engendered by the molten metal

WOMEN ARE NOW WORKING ON MUNITIONS, AS IN 1914-1918

Judging by these unusual be no shortage of shells munition factories all at work at a rate which



ANOTHER TYPE OF EXPLOSIVE MISSILE

Trench mortars—with finned tails—being filled with their deadly contents from a carefully handled ladle

ONE OF THE FINAL TESTS IN THE MAKING OF A SHELL

The shell is placed on scales and weighed. *On left*—Rows of highly complicated machine tools handle the cases at this stage

THE GUNS

Factories Stretching Throughout Britain

pictures taken "somewhere in England" there will —or bombs—throughout the present hostilities. At up and down Britain, men and women are hard is now fast approaching a peak war-time level

Above—**LONG PERSPECTIVES OF FINISHED SHELLS IN AN UNSPECIFIED FACTORY** The men in this picture are seen arranging the highly-finished products in a great stack ready for dispatch to the ammunition convoys. These shells are designed for use by the 3·7-in. guns

Top right—**ROWS OF SHELLS COME "UNDER THE HAMMER"** A munition worker performing one of the hundred and one operations that go to the making of a shell. It will be noticed that these projectiles are still "noseless" —without the pointed cap which later will be fitted

THE WAR ON THE LONDON FRONT

Some Notes on the Altered Social Aspect of London Under War-time Conditions

Described by
NOEL THOMPSON

THERE has been a strange similarity between the progress on the Western Front of the war, and the effect of the war on the West End front. After a period of complete silence the laconic twelve-word official war communiqués expanded to an almost talkative fifty words, and in sympathy those newspapers in which you can read all the doings in the brighter parts of London ran riot to the extent of increasing a few sentences to a few paragraphs and pages of eagerly welcomed pictures, thereby getting strides ahead of the mere dribble of pictures from France.

The "periodic activity and raids" of the communiqués accurately describes the way in which a restaurant might have one very busy night a week, and the "heavy artillery engagements" occasionally mentioned fits the extension and Saturday night crowds now flocking to "certain sectors of the line."

I decided that as "Eye-witness" (Somewhere in France) was now sending back interesting descriptions of scenes, carefully avoiding all mention of names, I could do no better than follow his example, and report on conditions after six weeks of war in the West End.

After a series of reconnaissances, from which I returned without much loss, here are the facts, for the benefit of many people who have asked me what is happening in London, and what could they do if they came up to London for a night or a week-end.

Take the restaurants first, and with them their bars. Of course, all of them are open as usual, though some of the larger have amalgamated their grill rooms and restaurants. In practically 100 per cent. of the restaurants the banqueting department is closed down, for obvious reasons.

Even the most hardened night hawks of yore ignore evening dress these days, and dinner jackets are rare. Nowhere is dress essential, and naturally uniforms abound. Women do occasionally change into dinner gowns, but many of them are to be seen dancing in their uniforms, even if that means in trousers. The cloak rooms present a curious sight with service and civilian gas-masks hanging in rows, soft hats swamped by officers' and privates' caps and occasional civilian overcoats peeping from behind a barrage of Army, Navy and R.A.F. greatcoats.

Which leads to two hitherto unrelated stories. There is no rule against officers and privates lunching, drinking or dining in the same room. Indeed, so many of the junior ranks are men who held senior positions in business, and so many of the young officers were in the Territorials and very junior in their offices, that it would be an absurd reversal if sheep and goats had to be segregated.

At one very smart restaurant a private was sitting at a table on the dance floor, and two tables away sat a pompous captain, who called over the head waiter and asked him to tell the private that he should be eating on the balcony.

"But, sir, he is a customer; he has booked his table, and there is no rule to that effect," protested the head waiter. "He is waiting for a guest." At that moment down the stairs came a lieutenant-general, walked up to the private's table, and putting his hand on his shoulder, said, "Sorry to be late, old man," and sat down. It is to his credit that the captain, well aware that neighbours had heard his remarks, retired upstairs himself.

It was at another restaurant that I heard the story of the civilian and his gas-mask. When he left it in the cloak room he impressed on the attendant that he must not hand it out by mistake to anyone else. Once during the evening he called to make sure it was still there.

When he finally called to take it away he first opened it, and there, nestling alongside his mask, was a pound of the best Cambridge sausages! Before going further I have heard the official ruling of the A.P.M. on the question of uniforms. It was given to the manager of a bottle party who sought it. "There are no regulations," said the A.P.M. "anyone can be admitted. But use your tact and see that there are no rows or scenes."

So restaurant and club managers are now having their tact, used in peace time for keeping divorcees apart, or dressmakers from their clients, tested still further. Any rowdy person of any rank may have admission carefully refused if he appears capable of creating a scene.

In fact, I watched a restaurateur tactfully about face a private—once a well-known young rough about town—who was obviously celebrating his first leave unwisely. But then the restaurateur had an excuse, for though it was a Monday, at eleven o'clock, there were still people waiting for tables. He and his brother are doing tremendous business every night and while there is always a sprinkling of all the forces, the Army seemed to preponderate. And nearby is a sort of headquarters of the younger Army men, while in Park Lane I found far more R.A.F. men. The Navy, presumably because it is too busy, does not seem to have decided on a rendezvous.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY BECOMES A CONCERT HALL

Emptied of its Old Masters (transferred to a place of safety in the country) the National Gallery has just re-opened to the public as a concert hall. Many famous artists have been engaged (some of whom are giving their services gratis), and performances will be given every day except Sunday and Saturday. The profits of these concerts go to the Musicians' Benevolent Fund. Here is seen a general view of the crowded hall a few days ago. Miss Myra Hess, the famous pianist, was the soloist on this occasion, when the rule was obviously "standing room only." Despite the war the spiritual and cultural life of the community must go on!

The drink question is curious. Most bars report little business at midday, and average to good business in the evenings. I made inquiries as to any changes in taste. Victor reported increased sales of whisky and Dry Martinis, the old favourites, with occasional demands for rye whisky. Harry Craddock, the doyen, shook his grey head, puzzled. "They all seem to want old-fashioned cocktails, mint juleeps, or mashed juleeps, with Bourbon. I can offer no explanation at all, but it's a fact."

Prices remain pre-war almost everywhere, which means that dining and dancing carry on as usual. I think only two bottle parties have remained open uninterruptedly, the Embassy and the Coconut Grove, which therefore deserve mention. All the other haunts are now in full swing, and there have even been two new openings in the past month. Some are packed out, and all are doing well, many without cabarets. The Coconut Grove, ironically, is an official A.R.P. shelter, and a very nice one to be caught in.

Band leaders I questioned were unanimous that while a sprinkling of old time songs helps along, it is the same pre-war favourites that hold the fort. People are not bothering to learn new ones which have not been popularised by theatres, films or wireless.

Before moving on to other sections of the front here are a few *addenda*. Many young British waiters have left and joined up. The manager of one large hotel is now leading a squadron of French cavalry in a crack regiment. French chefs have dispersed like the wind to their regiments.

Almost everywhere is 10 degrees hotter than pre-war, and some places more than that, owing to lack of ventilation due to black-out precautions. Wise habitués are studying the outside of their haunts by daylight to count the number of steps, but, despite this, and commissionaires with discreet torches and a murmur, "Three steps, madam," sprained ankles are numerous.

Cinemas, now open till 10 p.m., report a 70 per cent. return to normality, since the extra gallon of petrol has brought more taxis back to the streets. Theatres that have opened are doing fairly well. Newsreel cinemas, of which there are ten in the West End area, open till 10 p.m., are full, but bemoan lack of British war pictures. They have to show foreign pictures, obtained through neutral countries, with facetious commentaries where possible.

Well, that is a picture of the West End in a black-out. There is plenty of life, but not "intense activity." That, they expect, will come later.

There remains one important facet, the London clubs, a subject I dealt with on September 2, the day before war was declared. Then the secretary of one of the largest prophesied that "even without war I doubt if in ten years time there will be a dozen of the old-established clubs left."

He is now with his regiment, but what of the position? It is too early to say yet. Subscriptions for the year have been paid, but at most clubs there has been a big drop in the takings from the bar and the dining-room. Members have been called away or have joined up.

Some have evacuated. To meet the situation several clubs have thrown open their premises to any members of the Forces, or men serving the country in any way, with a temporary honorary membership. "We want the beer and food money to keep going," I was told. They cannot bear to look forward to the time when subscriptions are due! The main source of revenue is bound to be sliced then.

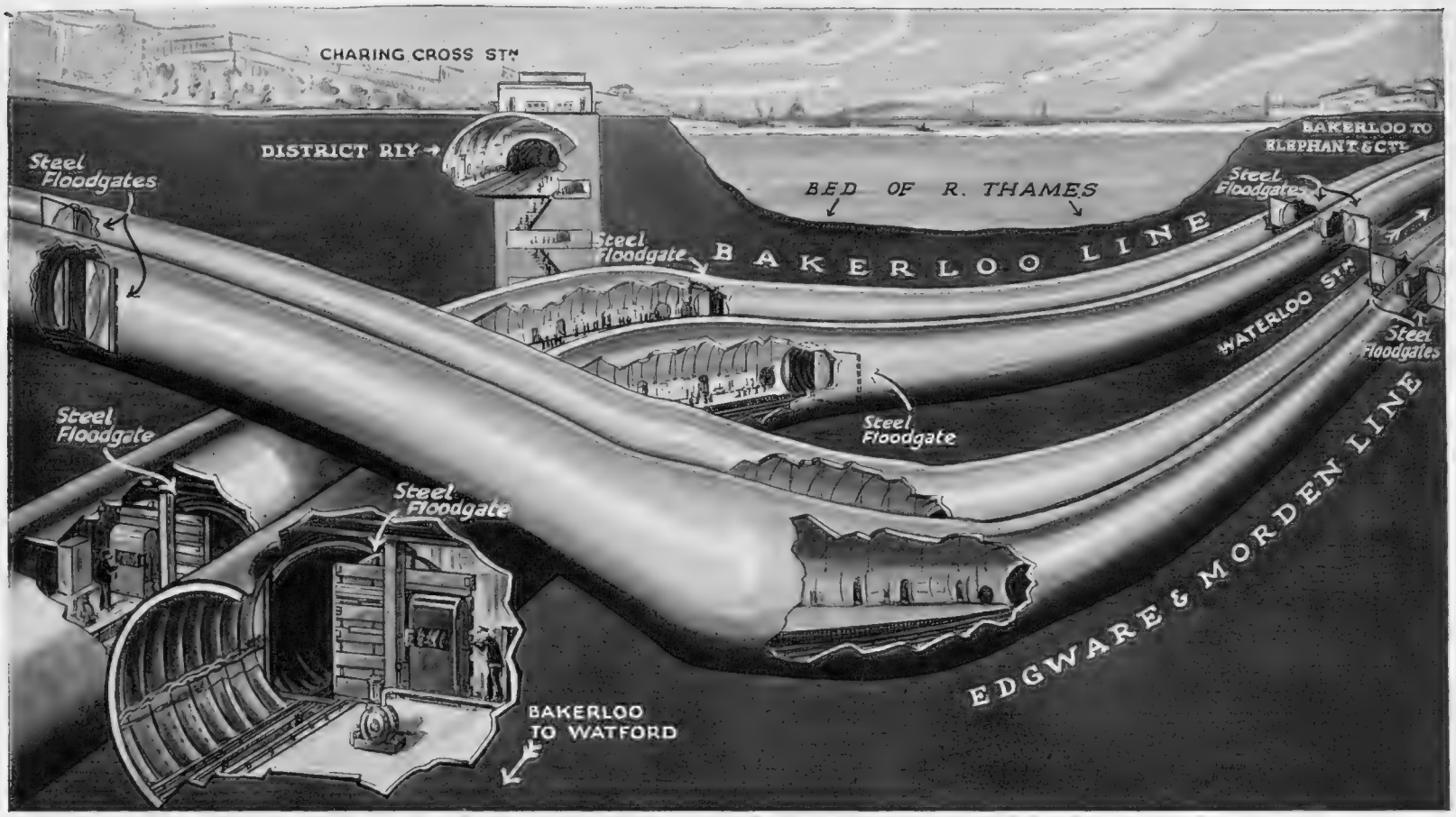
A few clubs are busier because men whose homes have been moved to the country dine there during the week. Most, however, have had to reduce staff, and this applies to the smaller guinea and two-guinea-a-year mixed clubs. They, too, are taking in honorary members, and one or two are flying the flag very brightly, with pianists to keep cocktail time and the evenings cheerful. Others have closed.

In the clubs, too, there are curious scenes. I saw one private, a man of about forty-five who had wangled into the Army somehow, with five medals from the last war, greeting three young, fresh-faced officers half his age. His business is closed, and he gets 14s. a week now. He borrowed 10s. from me to buy them a drink, and they, cheerfully ignorant, ordered large drinks, confident, I suppose, in an allowance in their own pockets. He had to leave them to report at barracks by 9 p.m. while they had leave till midnight.

At another club a young man walked in in ordinary sailor's kit, bell-bottomed trousers, Nelson collar, kit-bag over shoulder and all. Several senior Army officers were present, drinking their beer. He stood to attention, very young and upright, and then said, "I've been scrubbing decks for three hours this morning. I'm thirsty. We'll have champagne all round." He was a young baronet, in the Navy for the duration. Later I saw him dancing at a very smart restaurant in the same kit, and on the floor at the same time was a vice-admiral.

Yes, it's a curious war in more ways than one. The West End will be a changed place at the end of it. I have met no one yet with the foresight to picture it in its completeness when peace and its aftermath comes.

Meanwhile, you can enjoy yourself as much as you wish. But a word of warning. Take ready money. Cashing cheques is almost a lost practice anywhere. The "bouncers" are already circulating in their thousands.



A SECTIONAL VIEW OF THE UNDER-RIVER TUBES AND HOW THEY HAVE BEEN SAFEGUARDED

The two Tube systems affected are the Bakerloo Line and the Edgware-Morden Line. This sectional diagram shows the points at which the wonderful new floodgates have been placed to prevent flooding in the event of bomb explosions

LONDON'S TUBES ARE NOW RAID-PROOF

A Wonderful Emergency Work which Makes the Under-river Tubes Proof Against Flooding

All the closed London Tube stations will re-open again before the end of the year. The Tubes will then be as safe in war as in peace, owing to the London Passenger Transport Board's £1,000,000 programme of emergency work of protection against air-raid damage.

Eight electrically-operated floodgates to resist a force of over 800 tons are to be installed. Two are already completed at Waterloo and Charing Cross stations on the Bakerloo Line, and the rest are being installed at Waterloo and Strand stations on the Northern Line.

The force of over 800 tons the gates will resist is several times greater than any possible pressure of water.

Special inter-locking devices would prevent a gate being closed while there was a train in the under-river section. Its presence there would be revealed by illuminated diagrams in the operator's control cabin at the end of the platforms.

If a train were there it would take two minutes to clear the section.

ONE VIEW OF THE FLOOD-GATES IN POSITION ACROSS THE TUNNEL AT WATERLOO

These gates are made of built-up steel 13 ins. thick and weigh nearly six tons. It takes 40 secs. to open these massive doors and 45 secs. to close them. The gates are either operated by electricity or by hand

HOW THE MECHANISM IS OPERATED BY HAND

This is an emergency operation, as normally the gates would be closed by electricity

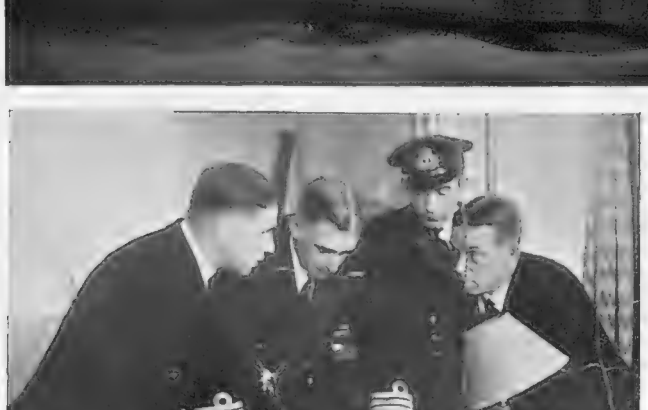
THE OPERATING SIDE OF THE FLOOD GATES

This is a reverse view of the picture seen above. On the right is a view of the operating mechanism (also shown in closer detail in the smaller picture above)

On right—**ANOTHER UNDERGROUND SAFETY DEVICE**

Bricking up the entrance to a subway in the City as a precaution against damage during air raids

A big ocean liner heaves to as the boarding officers clamber up the side for the examination



The Chief Examination Officer instructing boarding officers in the control room of the boarding office before going out to their areas

THE BRITISH CONTRABAND CONTROL AT WORK

THE whole procedure of establishing a blockade and the seizure of contraband has grown up out of a mass of precedent, tradition, and a number of regulations fixed by international codes (to which a good many countries have withheld ratification). There are, however, a number of points on which agreement has been reached and to which Germany, among other powers, has signified her adherence.

One of the first principles is that **a blockade** must be declared and **the declaration of a contraband list** would cover this. It is also essential, and one of the primary points of the law, that a blockade is only legal if it is "effective in fact," the only exception to this being that the blockade is not raised should the blockading force be temporarily withdrawn due to stress of weather. That is a relic of the old days, and the withdrawal of sufficient ships for refuelling to make the blockade ineffective legally puts an end to it.

Breaking a blockade which is declared and which is effective in fact, is regarded as a hostile act involving the condemnation of both neutral ship and cargo. The procedure laid down is that if a ship is running the blockade she is to be captured and the matter to be brought before the Prize Court. **Contraband is divided into "absolute contraband" and "conditional contraband,"** and in certain circumstances the blockading power may issue a declaration to neutral states changing the articles from one list to the other provided the principles of international law are not violated.

The ordinary law is that the captor must take his prize into a port where a Prize Court, properly constituted, exists, but if by doing so he imperils the safety of his warship, or the operations in which he is engaged, he is permitted to destroy the ship at sea, firstly, provided she is liable to condemnation, and secondly, provided he removes into

Specially drawn by Montague Dawson for THE SPHERE

The boarding officer at work. He receives the ship's papers from the neutral captain for examination ashore

The Naval and Customs inspection officers examining suspected cargo in the hold of a neutral vessel

CONTRABAND ON THE SEA

safety all on board, together with the ship's papers and other documents. In the case of a submarine being used as a blockading vessel it is, of course, impossible for her to take the ship to port through the British lines and the sinking is legal provided the law is respected with regard to the safety of the crew and papers, and Germany has expressly agreed that ships' boats are not a place of safety.

The institution of a blockade is bound to be, at the best, a nuisance to neutrals, and in our own case the naval authorities endeavour to make the business as easy as possible for all neutrals, and human nature being what it is, the desire is stronger still when the vessel is flying the flag of a friendly neutral.

The first weeks of the war revealed the customary incidents of ships being held up and examined and a certain number being brought into port for adjudication. During the past fortnight, however, Germany has introduced a new procedure—the attack on neutral vessels in an extremely unrestricted form.

In the first month of the war the Germans sank two Dutch, three Danish, four Norwegian, three Finnish, and three Swedish ships, and one each under the Greek, Latvian, Irish, and Belgian flags, quite apart from those that they have captured according to international law and have taken into German ports for examination. In the fifth week the loss was still heavier owing to the Germans having found that unprotected neutrals made easier game than British ships, but the complete figures are not yet to hand, and owing to German methods it may be some time before they are.

There have been a large number of neutral ships sunk during the week and still more seized and taken into German ports, where it would appear that in every case their cargo was landed and when, as was very often the case, it was obviously bound for a neutral destination and not for the Allies, they were told that it would be paid for, but apparently at some time in the indefinite future and in the form that Germany chooses. Far worse than these captures are such cases as the Danish *Vendia* and the Swedish *Gun*, which were both sunk by the same submarine.

The *Vendia* was the first to go, a ship of 1,150 tons, built in 1924, which was sunk with the loss of eleven lives. In excuse it was first stated that she attempted to ram the submarine and then that she had attempted to evade capture, both of which were flatly denied by the survivors. The *Gun*, which was on a perfectly legal voyage from Gothenburg to Antwerp, was an old ship of 1,222 tons built as long ago as 1891 and in her case the same accusation of attempting to ram was made and just as flatly denied at the subsequent Swedish court of inquiry.

These sinkings are not accidental, and although it is quite likely that there are many occasions on which the German Admiralty's orders are exceeded, they are part of a definite German policy. It was freely foretold in this country before the war that owing to the reduction of the British Merchant Navy since 1914 we would be bound to depend more and more on neutrals for our supply services. This prophecy was duly noted in Germany, as is proved by extracts from their service papers, and they evidently want to frighten the neutrals into remaining in port which, if it did not lose sight of the neutral powers and the lessons of history, would be sound strategy.

The German Government clearly takes the view that if Germany wins the war she will be sufficiently powerful to ignore all claims that are made upon her by neutral powers, while if she loses she will be bankrupt and it will be impossible to get blood out of a stone. That is the attitude that was taken for the greater part of the late war, until Germany's need for contraband and raw materials became so great that she was forced to make concessions to the neutral powers in order to persuade them to permit their shipping to run through the British blockade. Those who refused suffered heavily at the hands of the U-boats; those who assented without the precaution of getting spot cash were told after the war that Germany had nothing with which she could redeem her promises.

Many of the captures of neutral ships have been made by strong German surface forces working through the Kattegat and southern Baltic which is an area as difficult to attack as the Thames estuary. It is also ideal for the operations of the little 250-ton German submarines, of which they have no less than thirty-two, and no doubt had them lying in wait for any attack by British surface ships. Such an attack would be unlikely in any circumstances as the only really practical entrance to the Baltic for ships of any size is through territorial waters. This German force, as well as the submarines, was obviously working on a perfect intelligence organisation in the Scandinavian countries, who have become thoroughly alarmed at the movements of their merchant ships being betrayed.

F. B.

A WORLD SURVEY

From Holland, Spain, Gibraltar, and Northern Japanese-controlled China

THE ACUTE RICE SHORTAGE IN NORTHERN CHINA UNDER JAPANESE RULE

In this crowd of hungry Chinese, waiting in a queue for their food rations from the Japanese army, there is doubtless a very strong feeling, but only the young girl dares to give vocal evidence of it

HOLLAND'S QUEEN INSPECIS A.R.P. PREPARATIONS IN AMSTERDAM

Holland has now made strong preparations and here the Queen is inspecting some of the defence measures

THE FOUR MEN HANDED OVER FROM TIENTSIN CONCESSION TO THE JAPANESE

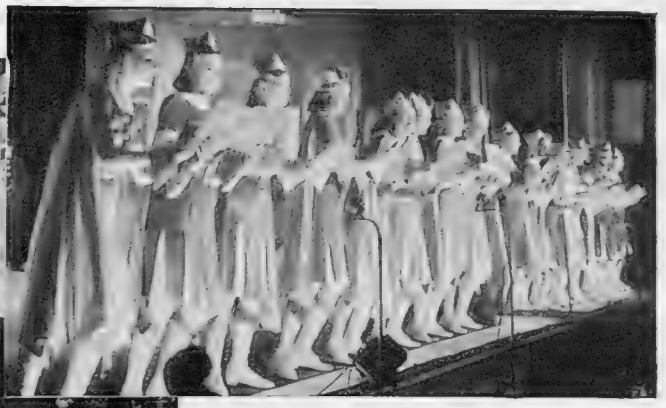
These are the four men accused by the Japanese of assassinating a pro-Japanese official. Their names are: Chao hung (Lan Hsiang lung), Chao sheng (Lan lung), Li Teh-hsiang, and Chao ju (Sheng Hsiang-king)

THE SPANISH MILITARY GOVERNOR OF ALGECIRAS CALLS ON THE GOVERNOR OF GIBRALTAR

General Don Francisco Martin Moreno, the newly-appointed Military Governor of Algeciras, made an official call on the Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Rock, Lieutenant-General Sir Clive G. Liddell, recently. He is seen saluting the British Guard of Honour

GENERAL FRANCO ATTENDS A SPECIAL MASS AT HOSTONE, BURGOS

The Spanish leader is seen in the chapel of the monastery of Las Helelgas in Burgos with members of the National Council, some of whom appear in the picture



The smart Sherman Fisher girls singing one of their concerted numbers in *The Little Dog Laughed*

LONDON'S FIRST "BIG-TIME" SHOW

The New Crazy Gang Revue at the London Palladium

"THERE'S DANGER IN THE WALTZ," ONE OF THE BIG HIT NUMBERS IN GEORGE BLACK'S NEW PALLADIUM SHOW

On Wednesday evening of last week, the first big musical show of the war was presented at the London Palladium—Mr. George Black's *The Little Dog Laughed*, with the Crazy Gang as the principal performers. This is the show which played twelve performances at Brighton before the war. Despite the black-out, a vast crowd gathered for the opening performance and gave every evidence that the West End is ready and eager for its theatre, war or no war! Needless to say, there were many topical allusions in the show; and the most lavish scene is one called, appropriately enough, "That Man Again." There is no doubt but that this show will run for many a "black-out" evening

HOW ROYALTY PLAYS DARTS

His Royal Highness, Teddy Knox, demonstrates to Chesney Allen how the game is played in the highest circles. *On left*—Jimmy Nervo, the Dictator (fond of dancers and of "protecting minorities to secure a piece"), does a Boomps-a-Daisy with Teddy Knox, one of his potential victims

GRACIE FIELDS MAKES HER FIRST WAR-TIME BROADCAST

For the first time since her long illness, Miss Gracie Fields broadcast from the new B.B.C. studio "somewhere in England" a few nights ago. Here she is seen at the microphone: behind her hangs a banner on which are the words of the number (specially written for her) so that the audience could join her in the chorus

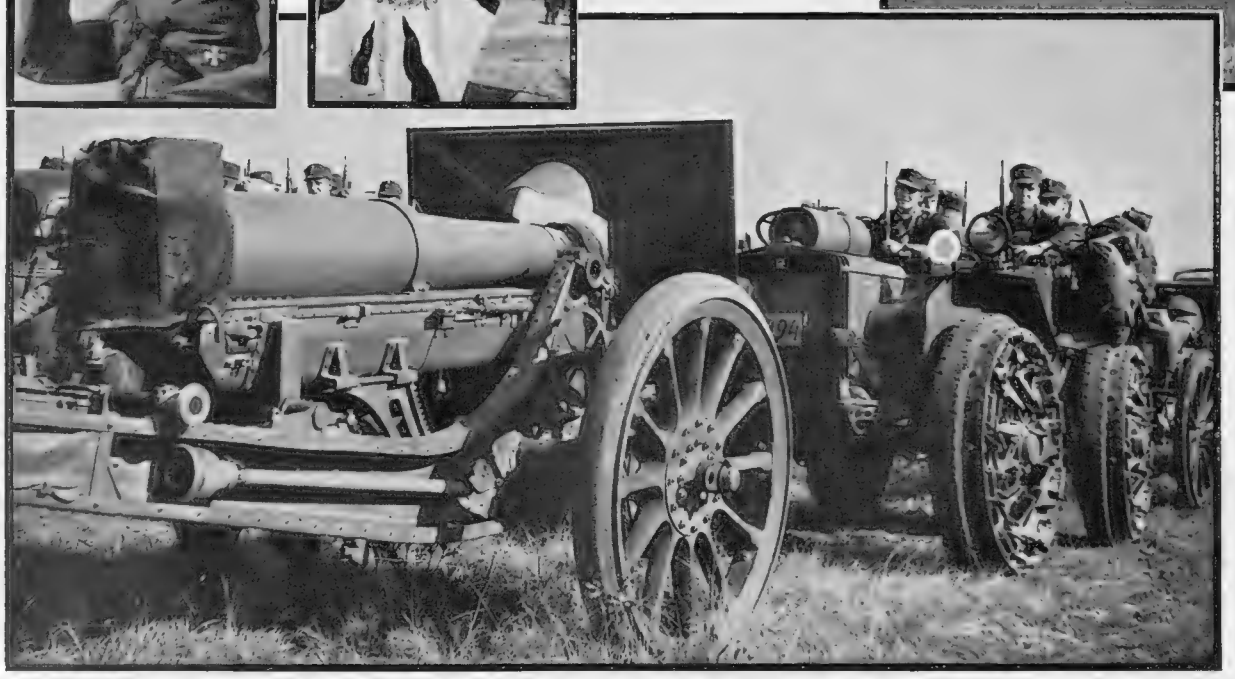
THE OLD VIC COMPANY ADD "ST. JOAN" TO THEIR REPERTORY

Last week at Streatham Hill Shaw's *St. Joan* was given with excellent effect by the Old Vic Company. The name part was taken by Constance Cummings, whose appearance in armour was a delight to the eye. She is here seen attempting to put courage and adventure into the timid Dauphine (Max Adrian). The company have gone on tour for a few weeks, and return to Golder's Green in November

FINLAND'S ARMY STANDS ON GUARD

Finland declares that her subjection presupposes no man or woman of hers left alive

In spite of modern mechanised arms, Finland still possesses cavalry (mainly for scouting). *Below on left* is the Finnish flag with its central device of a bent bow and arrow with a surrounding field bearing flames. *On far left* is a study of Field Marshal Baron Mannerheim, Chief of the Finnish Army



A USEFUL MODERN HOWITZER-TYPE GUN IN THE FINNISH ARTILLERY

Poland supplements her army with a women's force. Except that they go unarmed, in every other respect they discharge the duties of the soldier. In war-time they are literally on active service at the front, ready, if necessary, to seize their fallen comrades' weapons and carry on. Meantime, apart from transport, Red Cross, and other army services, they discharge all such "fatigue" duties for which details are more commonly drawn from the fighting strength

The nature of Finland's armament is dictated by two main considerations—its strictly defensive purpose and the character of the country. Thus, while mechanised units have their place in the scheme, apart from fortified areas, the prevalence of forest and lake emphasise the first importance of infantry supported by heavy and light machine-guns invented and made in Finland, and which are there believed to be superior to any others. In the construction of main roads and railways, the possibility of their defensive strategic value has not been overlooked. Finland's peace-time army establishment is 30,000 regulars (one year's service); non-commissioned officers serving one year and three months. She relies mainly on her Territorial Army with its peace-time nucleus of 100,000 men and women. This was established in 1918 and conditions compare very closely to regular service.

On left—**ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS OF THE FINNISH ARMY, AND** *above*—**MECHANISED TRANSPORT WITH COMPLEX WHEELS**

Every village and town has its Territorial headquarters in liaison with the regulars outside the local authority. The Commander-in-Chief consults with the Minister of Defence, who is automatically member of the Cabinet under the President, who is also head of the Army Administration

WARSAW CITY UNDER THE GERMANS

EVIDENCE OF SHELL-FIRE ON WARSAW HOUSES

The photographs reaching "The Sphere" from Warsaw seem to indicate that the greater damage is in the suburban areas. Several buildings show punctured holes and fragments knocked off façades as from flying shell fragments. The cornice of the middle (white) building shown here has a damaged roof

SHE CARRIES AN EMPTY MARKET BASKET AS SHE WATCHES THE SURRENDERED SOLDIERS

All the men exhibit drawn cheeks as if they had been high strung and on the verge of starvation for weeks. Their kit, however, was in good condition

DO WHAT YOU ARE TOLD WHEN THE CONQUERORS ENTER

These Warsaw youths and men were removing a street obstruction at the orders of the German control. *Below on right*—The hollow cheeks of the people of Warsaw were very noticeable

COMMUNICATIONS IN THE CITY AFTER THE SURRENDER

The tramcars suffered badly in certain districts—some were blown over; others had survived and were running after a short interval (*see right-hand picture*). Numerous street obstructions had to be cleared away. Windows were broken in all directions

THERE ARE, of course, OTHER THINGS THAN WAR. . . .

A Chronicle of the English Country Life, which Still Goes On Despite Sterner Activities Elsewhere

Stevenson once wrote :—

"We travelled in the print of olden wars,
Yet all the land was green;
And love we found and peace,
Where fire and war had been.
They pass and smile, the children of the sword—
No more the sword they wield;
And oh, how deep the corn
Along the battlefield!"

AS poetry, it is sad stuff; but the idea is good and comforting. It is true. War passes, the country remains, to cover its scars and to forget its tragedies and to bring peace again to the hearts of men. And if this truth were not the commonplace it is, still it would be essential for nations at war, if they are to retain their reason in the nightmare of imbecility and horror and anxiety, to turn their minds whenever they can from the subject of war to the permanent things of life.

And so, while in our several ways we serve the country in war, as our strength, age and abilities admit; in the front line or on the home front (as airmen, soldiers in the trenches or sailormen at sea; as air raid wardens, special constables, Red Cross workers, transport drivers or what not), let us hold on to what remains permanent and sane, and switch our minds, whenever we can do so, to those things which out-live war and mitigate and at last heal the wounds and scars and bitterness of hate.

How well the young poets of the last Great War understood that, even those who gloried in war. It was the theme and the solace of Julian Grenfell, Rupert Brooke, Siegfried Sassoon and the rest of that fair brotherhood. War is not *all* to-day. There are those who will say that it is nothing but a foul contagion which works itself out at last, even if it leave humanity with no discovered antidote or remedy to prevent its recurrence. While the epidemic runs its course, we should take every opportunity to turn our minds away to cleaner, healthier, more permanent things.

That is the argument which prompts me to try to set down from time to time a random chronicle of country life as it is and as it was, to which SPHERE readers in the front lines of battle may turn not without relief from the everlasting talk of war. Wars pass; the life of the countryside and of peace remains.

A Country Housewife's Day.—Of late years a country housewife has been one of the world's workers; hard economic facts have seen to that. For years she has struggled with the servant shortage, teaching raw girls, who know nothing and want to know nothing of domestic work, the simple rudiments, and then doing their work as cooks and housemaids when they give in their notices after a month or two of education. To-day the housewife's labours deserve to be chronicled and officially acknowledged. While her staff is diminished, her household has increased by 30 per cent.

The nursery floor is filled with "vackies." Her own children, brought down to the spare rooms, must be amused, tended and, somehow or other, educated, if possible. The Government is not concerned with educating the upper class child.

Our housewife is of course a Red Cross nurse and an evacuation officer, and her home is a First Aid point. This is her day :—

She rises soon after seven o'clock, to prepare lunches for the evacuees to take with them to school. Then she superintends her children's dressing and oversees the preparation of breakfast for twelve people. She has time to feed her hens before breakfast. Immediately after it, she must plan luncheon and dinner and give her telephone orders to tradesmen who now call only twice or thrice a week. She must look ahead and plan Friday's dinner on Tuesday. Then the in-coming business calls begin. She must take her four-hour duty at the "vacky" hospital that afternoon. That is when she may do a little sock-mending for her own children or "vackies."

Before her duty begins, she must call at the manor-house to help de-louse twenty heads. (She bicycles 20 miles a day.) Then she must attend at twelve o'clock at the village hall to arrange for the transfer, ordered by the London teachers, of three discontented "vackies." New billets must be found. She is back home twenty minutes before luncheon and has time to prune four yards of a row of raspberries, which is now her responsibility.

It is Dora's day out and so she must help wash up after luncheon. Busy and absent all the afternoon, she misses tea but comes back in time to "amuse" her own neglected children before the youngest's bed time, which ceremony she superintends. There is time then for a little jam-making and egg-potting, long deferred. But no time for a bath before dinner, and in any case the "donkey" is probably cold ashes.

The "vackies'" bedrooms are getting filthy; Dora gives notice; and the foreign cook wants to go home; the mail-fish orders have broken down; the fuel-ration form is wrongly filled up; the black-out scheme is still imperfect and takes twenty minutes of invaluable time each evening. Bed, dead-tired, with luck at 11.45. That is her day and her to-morrow for the duration. And, note, until war ends, she will *never once* have the use of her own home to entertain an old friend, a soldier on leave, a nephew on holiday.

Contrasts.—Twenty years ago cattle browsed on the salt marshes and grasslands that fringed the sea shore between Bournemouth and Southend. Some of that coast land was the finest farming country in England. South of Chichester, for instance, between Itchenor and Bracklesham, was a lonely area of large, isolated farms, almost cut off from civilisation. At Itchenor the Duke of Richmond—great-grandfather of the present—built noble buildings to house some of his racing establishment and that brought the area its first touch with the outer world.

Two or three moderate-sized houses began to be built as interest in the harbour as a minor yachting centre developed. But the big farmers held on and farmed their acres to the edge of the sea. Twenty years ago a first pioneer came to lonely Bracklesham, and thought it an ideal spot for a bathe. A West Sussex landowner bought a little plot and put up a bungalow at a cost of £400 which would house four people for a brief bathing picnic. And now? Bracklesham is a large fun city, deserted of course largely after holiday time.

The genius of domestic architecture centres now on these seashore villas, finding no work to its hand inland. And the best of these little joy houses sell at a price which the owner of a Queen Anne gem inland would be thankful to accept. And finally the whole coastline from Bournemouth round to Aldeburgh is a continuous wen, one long strung-out holiday joy-city, now deserted.

Shooting.—They are catching-up and wringing the necks of thousands of tame pheasants in these parts. And rightly; for big shooting has no place in war. No food can be spared for game; no one has the heart and few the opportunity to indulge. But the pheasants must be killed, and early, if farming is not to suffer. "It is the end of the old order. No one will be able to afford to shoot when this trouble's over."

As a fact, the old order changes very slowly. I recall that in 1816 Lord Sefton wailed the same Jeremiad when the Government thought of a "property tax" (ancestor of our income tax) to pay for the war with Napoleon. And he asked Creevey to find out if it were possible for a man to live decently in Brussels on £7,000 a year. It was wailed when income tax rose for the first time to 1s., and it was wailed with certitude during the last world war. Actually, more people enjoyed the sport of shooting by 1920 than ever before 1914; and shooting, under wealthy syndicates, crept back to Edwardian dimensions.

Many of these syndicates were badly hit by the city depression of recent Munich days and I doubt not when this trouble's over, the habit of rearing large numbers of pheasants will return but slowly, if return it does. But I can't see the end of shooting, however long the trouble lasts. Hunting is another story. I can't see how "crack-country" hunting can survive two more war budgets.

Meanwhile, some of the young and old in this neighbourhood, waiting for "war's serious call," which is slow in coming, are helping their neighbours, and the farmers, with the partridges. It is a good year in this non-partridge country. The weather has been divine, the South Downs stretch, dimpled with shadow and sunlight, from Chanctonbury Ring to Harting Beacon. It is hard to believe there is a war on.

A few aeroplanes fly very low overhead, a distant practice gun booms, away to sea. But the war makes its presence felt all the same in the poorness of the shooting. You can't hit driven partridges if your mind is wandering. And war nerves make the delays unbearable. In a fortnight or so the tame pheasants will be eaten. But many have strayed already, since feeding has been reduced; and the small man, if he have an oak covert, will benefit.

Apple Harvest.—It was a wonderful apple year round us. Every cottager with an orchard trod on a carpet of windfalls, and all the children, native or "vacky," were pressed into the service of picking. Eaters were free for all comers and every child who brought to the picking some primitive means of transport, such as a soap box on old pram wheels, went away with a load. It was sad to see the waste. There was, of course, no adequate means of storage. The fruit is lying in sacks against the cottage walls.

The sugar distribution organisation was not in its stride, and both labour and sugar were too short to allow of jelly making. The crabs, too, were abundant and largely wasted, though they brought bitter experience to London children. The women's institutes did what they could to help. Their organisation had looked ahead and had booked orders for sugar—*granulated* sugar it usually was—and managed to distribute a good deal among their members. They had the foresight also to secure experts to come down and teach some of our women the quite different technique of canning, and some of that has been done. But the waste was terrible.

As for the dangers to London children from "forbidden fruits," I think it has been exaggerated. These Londoners are extraordinarily careful of what they eat. Their view seems to be that nothing is *safe* that is not bought over a counter. They will not touch nuts picked from trees, though they gobble up the same nuts bought in shops. Crimson berries do not attract them at all, and their first enthusiasm for apples has killed their appetite for the duration.

J. G.

A "FINISHING SCHOOL" FOR DEBUTANTES MOVES FROM ABROAD

The war is bringing drastic changes in the lives of the debutantes of 1940. Well-known "finishing schools" abroad have now come to England. Girls who in normal times would be packed off abroad to perfect their knowledge in foreign languages and, in general, be turned out ready to take their place in Society are now receiving their "finishing" courses at home. But the courses now include such practical subjects as first-aid and home nursing, domestic science, and cookery. So the debutante of 1940 will be a different product from her predecessor. One famous "finishing school" in Florence has shifted its headquarters from a beautiful villa to the large country house in Hampshire where the above picture was taken

THE WOMEN'S LAND ARMY IN ACTION

Women are bravely carrying on in many ways. This picture shows members of the Land Army following the tractor-drawn potato-digger, gathering up the produce before it can be affected by the frosts

LOVE STILL GOES ON
A picture taken in a London park a few days ago which eloquently speaks for itself!

FAR FROM THE DIN OF WAR

With the approach of winter, sheep are now being gathered on the hill-sides, where they grazed throughout the summer, and brought to the sheltered fields in the lowlands of Perthshire, where they will now graze. This flock makes a peaceful scene as the sheep are shepherded along a road near Dunkeld on their way to the lowlands

LIFE STILL GOES ON

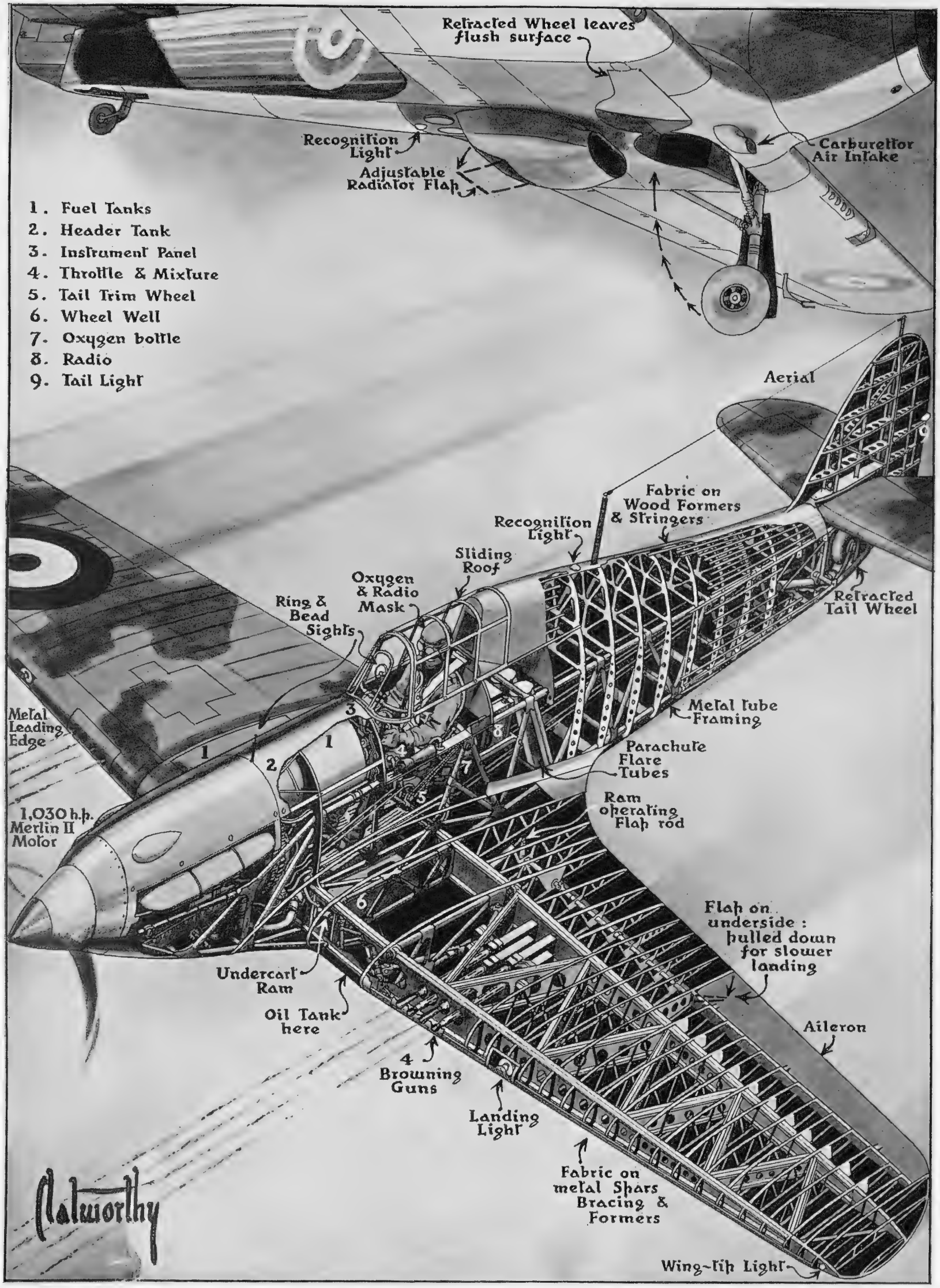
Let's Get Away from the War for a Little While!

BUSINESS AS USUAL

A picture from Southampton Row, where a famous scholastic establishment is carrying on as before despite the sand-bagged entrance

LIFE AS USUAL IN THE SALE-ROOM

A few days ago, Aldridge's famous Repository in Upper St. Martin's Lane, London, was re-opened for the sale of a number of valuable greyhounds, including practically the whole of the late Mr. Rowland Rank's famous coursing kennel. Dogs owned by Mr. T. Holmes were also sold; in this general view of the sale-room the latter's Glen Loco is up for auction, the price reached being 22 guineas



Drawn by S. W. Clatworthy (artist's copyright in U.S.A.)

ONE OF THE MOST AMAZING MACHINES EVER PRODUCED

The British Hawker Hurricane Fighter with an Officially Admitted Speed of 335 Miles Per Hour

The Hawker Hurricane has, in the language of the air, a 35,000 ft. ceiling, which means that she can climb to a height of nearly 7 miles, has a 600-mile range and eight fixed Browning guns, firing 250 rounds in 10 secs., controlled by the pilot-fighter. The main features of this design are shown in section. The structural skeleton is all of metal—fabric covered. All three wheels are retracted when flying, and there are under-side wing flaps, in the position indicated, for the purpose of slowing down the landing speed. If the reader takes the diagram section by section he will find a number of interesting details. There are the lights, for instance. There are upper and lower recognition lights as well as those on the wing tips. Smaller details are indicated by numbers

THE WAR IN THE AIR—Week by Week

A War-time Commentary by Britain's Foremost Authority on Air Power, CHARLES G. GREY

(formerly Editor of *The Aeroplane*)

UNDOUBTEDLY the event of the past week, so far as air affairs are concerned, was the speech of the Secretary of State for Air, Sir Kingsley Wood, in the House of Commons on October 10.

Everybody who has worked with Sir Kingsley, and those who know of his work, admire him for his ability to get things done. That is quite a different thing from doing things well oneself. It means that a man has the gift of knowing when subordinates are doing their jobs properly and leaving them alone to do them. I have been told by those who are most likely to know, that one of the chief reasons why Sir Kingsley gets so much work out of his departmental chiefs is that he finds out what they want and then goes and fights their battles for them through the Cabinet or the Treasury, and never interferes with details himself. Naturally, when the head of a department finds that his Parliamentary Chief trusts him and exerts himself to get what he wants he will give his very best work.

Apart from that, his people trust Sir Kingsley to give everybody a square deal. And those who know most about the inside of aviation, and the Royal Air Force and the Air Ministry, respect Sir Kingsley because of the accuracy of his public statements and the simple unfrilled way in which he makes them. Consequently, his statement about the work of the R.A.F. since the declaration of war carries a good deal more weight than it might have done if delivered by politicians of whom we have known in the past.

When he said that the spirit and moral of the Royal Air Force was splendid he was stating a fact which is well known to those who have been in touch with the R.A.F. at all closely during the period of expansion. There have been times when not quite the right sort of people came into the Air Force, but on the whole the type of man, both officers and other ranks, has been uniformly very high.

People ought to recognise that the Empire owes a great debt to the two men who, before all others, laid the foundations for the Royal Air Force as it is to-day. When Sir Samuel Hoare was Secretary of State for Air and Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Trenchard (not yet Marshal of the Royal Air Force or Viscount) was Chief of the Air Staff in 1923 they laid down a scheme for the expansion of the Royal Air Force which, if it had been allowed to continue without any political or financial embarrassment in its early days and without unilateral disarmament in its later days would have given us a few years ago an Air Force of such size that we should have had practically no international anxieties at all.

But, although the expansion scheme of 1923 was not allowed to develop fully, the scheme on which it was planned was such that it formed a foundation on which our present Air Force can rest firmly, and on which still further expansion can be built.

There is a legend in the Air Ministry that when Lord Trenchard resigned the office of Chief of the Air Staff and went on half pay he said that he had laid foundations on which his successors could build a castle, and that if nobody wanted to build anything bigger than a cottage on it, at any rate it would be a jolly good cottage. To-day the castle has been built, and it is capable of being made stronger still.

Another very interesting point in Sir Kingsley Wood's speech is his reference to the amount of flying that has been done by the Coastal Command on reconnaissance and submarine hunting and convoy patrols. That was one of the weakest of our services during the war of 1914–18. The Navy of that period had no faith in aircraft of any sort, till things got so bad that they developed the little airships nicknamed blimps, which did extremely good work. To-day the Fleet has its own air arm and the young officers who have grown up since the war of 1914–18 have a proper appreciation of the importance of aircraft in war. But the Coastal Command, which is responsible for coastal reconnaissance and the convoy of ships in the narrow waters, and for submarine hunting, is still the affair of the Royal Air Force.

To the lay mind the fact that our biggest flying-boats and our coastal patrol seaplanes, and aeroplanes which work from coastal aerodromes but patrol the seas, should belong to the Royal Air Force and not to the Navy may seem peculiar. But the position is precisely analogous to that of harbour mines and coastal guns. At one time both of them were run by the Navy, but some time in the latter part of the last century the guns were handed over to the Royal Garrison Artillery, and the mining of harbours and their approaches was handed over to the Royal Engineers, who have quite a little navy of their own with which to lay and attend to their minefields.

The answer, apparently, is that the Navy has quite enough to do on the High Seas, outside territorial waters and outside the range of aeroplanes flying from shore bases, without being bothered by coastal patrols. Nevertheless, these coastal patrols and air escort of convoys is, as any thinking person must realise, one of the most important tasks of the war. Anybody who is of middle age to-day will remember how we suffered in this country in 1917 and 1918 from lack of adequate escorts for our convoys. Admiral Sir Murray Sueter, M.P., who is in truth father of naval aviation, in that he built up the Royal Naval Air Service before and in the early part of the war of 1914-18 will vouch for the fact, which he has told me himself and has often repeated in my hearing, that when he was commanding the R.N.A.S. in the Mediterranean in 1918, the French, with whom the R.N.A.S. were co-operating in escorting troop ships and supply ships from Marseilles to Salonica and the eastern Mediterranean, were never even attacked, because of the terror in which air observation was held by the enemy submarines. On the other hand, the British convoys from Gibraltar to the eastern Mediterranean, which, for some reason best known to those responsible for them, refused to use air escorts, never got through without losing at least one ship. Sometimes they lost more.

Therefore, there is all the more reason to be glad when we are assured by Sir Kingsley Wood that so much use is being made of air escort and air observation over the sea. And we should have all the more admiration for those officers and men who are doing this work.

Nothing is more grim or more depressing than flying mile after mile under low cloud over a grey sea in the winter. And escorting convoys is only one degree less trying. Even the slowest aeroplanes in these days have difficulty in flying at less than 100 m.p.h., so one may imagine the difficulty of keeping pace with a convoy of tramp steamers whose speed is probably about six or eight knots. The escort machines must keep within a reasonable radius of the convoy, because they must keep the sea in sight within torpedoing distance of the ships. And I have been told by people who are in the game that pilots and crews simply become giddy from flying round and round the same bunch of ships.

There is at any rate the satisfaction that if the motors stop, the pilot can glide down near one of the ships with a fair prospect of being picked up, whereas the coastal patrol pilot looking for submarines is probably out of sight of shipping or the coast for hours at a time. Those crews must feel particularly grateful for the little inflatable rubber boats which these oversea machines carry, as well as the parachutes for the crew. One likes the jest of the officer who named his rubber boat "H.M.S. Inflatious."

Another very satisfactory point in Sir Kingsley Wood's speech is his assurance that the new fighting machines of the R.A.F. are more than a match for the German machines. At various times in the past year or so the world's record for absolute speed has been broken either by the products of Herr Messerschmitt or those of Herr Heinkel. Both these gentlemen are singularly able designers and constructors and they have produced beautiful work. But there is a vast difference between turning out one aeroplane to go for a record and turning out a whole series of aeroplanes which are definitely better than those of one's enemy.

Those of us who have had most to do with the development of aeroplanes during the past year or two have been fairly certain that in bulk the Vickers-Supermarine Spitfires and the Hawker Hurricanes, of which much has been seen and heard in this country for the past two years, are better all-round fighting machines than the bulk of the German fighters.

Under-estimating one's enemy is the worst of folly, so we must not rest content with the fact that most of our fighters are better than most of the German fighters. Fortunately we also know that more than a year ago we had several types of new fighters already flying in the experimental stages. One of them was nicknamed the "Crikey" by the local people, after a petrol advertisement which was popular at the time. And we may safely assume that the still newer and faster fighters are now, to use the current phrase, "in production."

People who were at the display of modern aeroplanes which was given to a number of Members of Parliament at Northolt somewhere about mid-summer will remember that after the official display, two or three aeroplanes of unnamed origin flew across the aerodrome at speeds which seemed astonishing even after seeing the display of the fastest fighters which were then the equipment of R.A.F. squadrons. I imagine that a good many foreigners must have seen those machines also. I know that at least two young and enthusiastic students from foreign countries who were studying over here had an excellent view of the display from that dismal road called Western Avenue, which runs along the south side of the aerodrome.

The part of the speech which seems to have captured popular fancy more than any other is Sir Kingsley's reference to the scheme for training pilots in Canada. That will recall happy days to some of the old timers of 1917–18 who had a cheerful holiday in Canada, after their hardships in France, helping to organise the great training-school which the Canadian Government started. It was a pleasant job, because in the winter the whole outfit migrated to Fort Worth, in Texas, U.S.A., where they could keep comfortably warm. This time, unless the American nation changes its mind, or the German navy foolishly produces another *Lusitania* incident, they may find some difficulty about training British war-pilots at American aerodromes.

Still, flying in Canada has advanced quite a lot in the past twenty years, and Trans-Canada Airways flies from all-weather aerodromes, so that they do not have to use skis in the snow. And presumably training can now go on through the winter in Canada.

If the Dominions are going to do much more in the way of supplying pilots for the R.A.F. than they have done recently they will have to make a pretty stout effort. The number of young Canadians and Australians and New Zealanders who have arrived here recently to join the R.A.F. is out of all proportion to the populations of their countries. They certainly are magnificent material. One hopes that they will come safely out of the many perils which will beset them.

A ROUND TABLE TALK IN FRANCE This picture was taken at the headquarters of the R.A.F. in France. It shows Sir Cyril Newall, Air Chief Marshal of the R.A.F., giving an interview to British journalists on their arrival at the seat of the war

ALL EYES on SCAN

THE SHALLOW WATERS BETWEEN DENMARK AND SWEDEN

THE APPROXIMATE ROUTE OF THE SHIPS CONVEYING RUSSIAN TIMBER

The arrangement between the supply of timber on t e other, will entail the passa e country until the ice loc s

THE THREATENED ECONOMIC SITUATION OF DENMARK, "EUROPE'S LARDER"

This map shows the railway, bridge and ferry connections between the islands. The proposal that goods and produce should be transferred to Esbjerg rather than be shipped from Copenhagen is said to present many difficulties. Esbjerg is in proximity to German waters, but convoying might render the route possible

THREE kings and the President of Finland propose a four-power conference in Stockholm at the invitation of King Gustav of Sweden. The other two kings are King Haakon of Norway and King Christian of Denmark. Each, as well as the Finnish President, is to be accompanied by his Foreign Minister. In the above map the names of bridge positions are boxed, as is also the position of the newly-constructed port of Hirtshals, on the exposed Jutland North Sea coast. The conference is concerned with the present situation from the point of view of Europe in general, as well as that of the northern countries in particular.

The German wireless announced last week-end that a part of the Baltic Sea between the island of Falster, Southern Denmark, and the northern coast of Mecklenburg, in Germany, is closed to shipping.

INTER - ISLAND CONNECTIONS IN THE DENMARK GROUP

Big efforts have of recent years been made to connect the islands by rail bridges. This one connects Zealand with Falster, and is a striking piece of engineering work

A SWING IN THE AXIS

Once the Central European Axis ran north and south and many students of history thought it unnatural. At one time there was great play with the Axial brotherhood of Italy and Germany, but that has passed and now we see the beginning of an Axis which runs east and west, as above

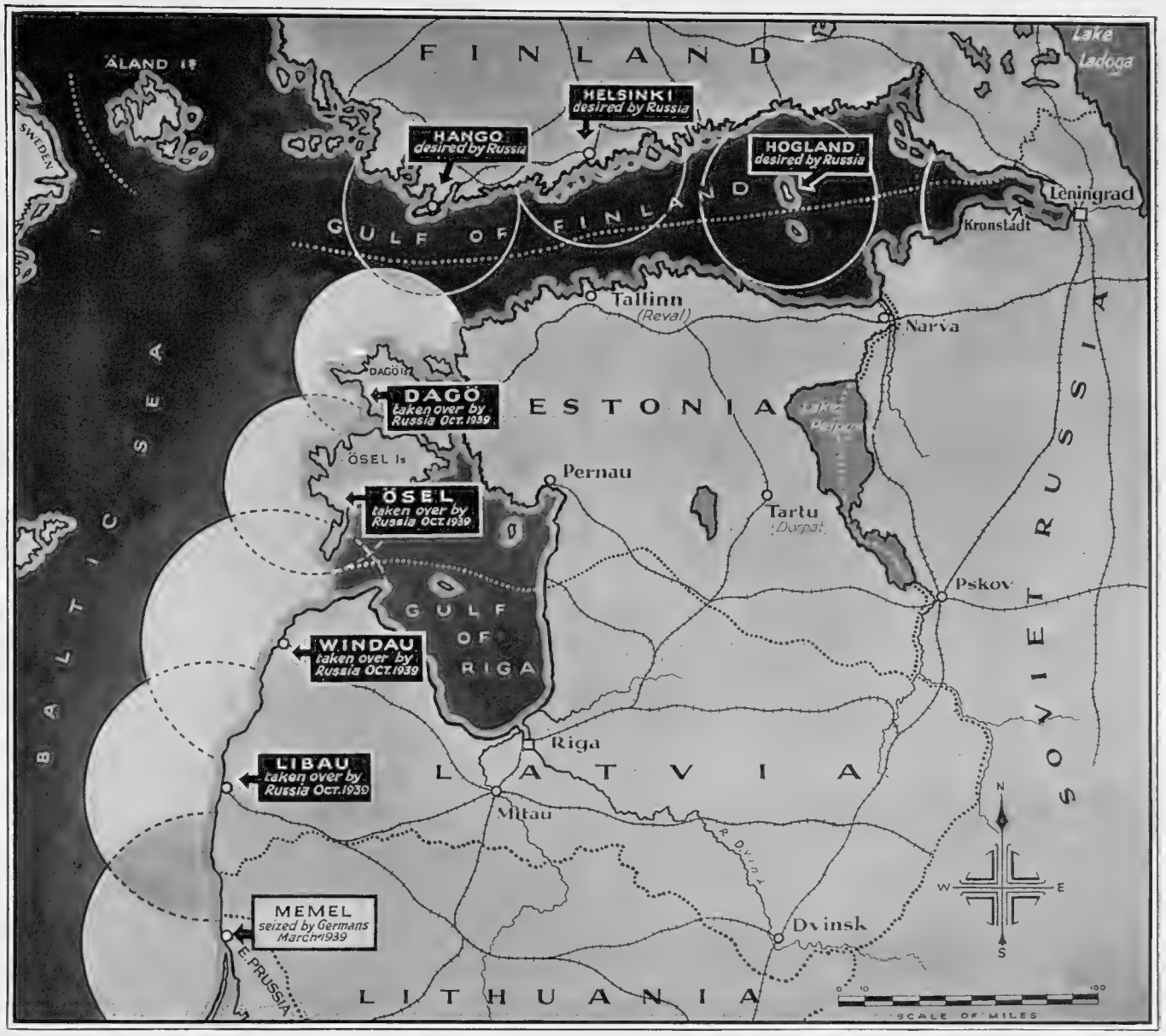
FINLAND EVACUATES FROM HER CAPITAL INTO THE LAKE-STREWN COUNTRYSIDE

Finland began last week the evacuation of Helsinki, her capital, and the towns of Vilpuri, Tampere, and Turku, in view of what was described as a grave situation. This view shows the Saimaa Canal at Vilpuri

DINAVIA

The depth of water in the Sound (3 miles wide) is only 72 ft., decreasing to 42 ft. and 54 ft. as here shown

this country and the U.S.S.R. for one hand, and tin and rubber on the of ships from Murmansk to this up Murmansk in mid-November



THE EXTRAORDINARY SITUATION IN THE EASTERN BALTIC—GERMANY IN IMMEDIATE PROXIMITY TO RUSSIA

The cession of fortification rights to Russia by Estonia and Latvia brings Russia down into the immediate range of Memel, seized by Germany in March of this year. At the time of writing Finland appeared to be determined to resist the demands of Russia for positions on the Finnish coast and also on the island of Hogland, which is within Finnish sea territory

On left—The German seizure of Memel in March has placed Russia and Germany close together on the Baltic shore—a picture taken on the occasion of Herr Hitler's visit

On right—Baltiski (= Baltic port), important base on Estonian coast taken over by the Russians

A NEW CONFRONTATION OF GERMAN AND RUSSIAN FRONTIER GUARDS AT THE CARPATHIANS

The occupation by the Soviet of the southern portion of Poland promises to have unexpected developments. On Saturday of last week it was reported that a concentration of Soviet troops and war material on the Slovak frontier and the fortification by the Russians of the new Soviet-German frontier was taking place. Polish refugees reaching Cernauti in Northern Rumania stated that numerous tanks and motorised units and large convoys of infantry were to be seen moving westwards in the districts of Stanislawow, Strys, and Lawoczne. These places are indicated in the above bird's-eye view

THE BEAUTIFUL HOBY MEMORIAL IN BISHAM CHURCH, BERKS, RESTORED: This beautiful memorial adjoins the tomb erected to the memory of her husband by Lady Hoby. It has recently been restored, and is now standing in Bisham Church as a wonderful relic of early-seventeenth century ecclesiastical history. Lady Hoby was the daughter of Sir Anthony Coke. Sir Thomas Hoby died in Paris in 1566, and in 1574 Lady Hoby married John, Lord Russell, son of the Earl of Bedford. She wears a Viscountess' coronet; behind her kneel Elizabeth and Anne Hoby (both died 1570) and Elizabeth Russell; at her feet is her son, Thomas Russell (died in 1580); and in front is her daughter, Anne Russell, who married Henry, Lord Herbert (she also wears a Viscountess' coronet). Behind are her two sons, Edward Hoby and Thomas Posthumus Hoby. The memorial is probably the work of Nicolas and William Cure, who also did some of the lovely monuments at Chenies

"TEA POT HALL" IS FALLING INTO DISREPAIR: This unique landmark by the roadside, a mile south of Horncastle in Lincolnshire, is suffering from an ignoble fate. Believed to be the only triangular cottage in England, its thatched roof reaches within 4 ft. of the ground, and even the strip of wall below the eaves slopes at the same angle. Built to the design of a retired sea captain, its framework is made of four "crucks" or carved baulks like large wish-bones, the earliest form of house construction after the hut stage

THOMAS CHATTERTON'S SCHOOL SAVED: It has been announced that although Thomas Chatterton's house and school at Bristol were both originally scheduled for demolition, the house is to be saved, and the front wall of the school (with its commemorative tablet) is to be re-erected some 47 ft. from its original site. The effect of this will be to bring the school frontage into much closer association with the house. Thomas Chatterton, our readers will recall, was the brilliant young Bristol poet, who took his own life in London in 1770 at the untimely age of eighteen

The World of Books—Reviewed by Vernon Fane

BOOKS FOR ALL TASTES

C. B. Fry's Reminiscences on Cricket, and Other Things—Books About England and Wales—And One About the Frozen Wastes

VERSATILITY, particularly among those who practise the arts, is not a quality much admired in this country. Dr. Johnson said as much in one of his sledge-hammer witticisms about a dog walking on his hind legs.

Mr. C. B. Fry, however, is on safe ground. He set up a long jump record, played in an English Cup Final, was capped for England at soccer and had become the idol of the cricket world before he turned author. According to modern standards the progression is a normal one. Successful practitioners at any sport turn journalist as a matter of course and write books with the ease that they swing a bat or a golf club; and there is a ghost of a chance that their efforts will be acclaimed as their very own.

None of these ghosts has much of a chance in competition with Mr. Fry. He was a professional journalist while still holding undisputed sway on the cricket field as an amateur more gifted than any professional. He has proved that a knowledge of Greek as well as of games is no bad equipment for a sports columnist. He can dispatch a nimble adverb across the wire with the exquisite timing of one of his own leg glances.

Therefore it stands to reason that he can write a book of memoirs with more to recommend it than the reminiscences of even so great a sportsman and athlete as C. B. Fry. **LIFE WORTH LIVING** (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 12s. 6d.) begins characteristically with the assertion that there were Frys living in the Sussex weald before William of Falaise landed at Pevensey Bay. There is even the suggestion that they were there before J. Cæsar launched his legions at these shores.

Mr. Fry has no one to blame but himself if one reviewer quickly turned to his chapters on cricket. Schoolboy memories and that impressive profile on the jacket prove too much. The reward is a gem of a character sketch of W.G. which removes many popular misconceptions, as well as a delightful parade of all the giants we worshipped in the far-off days, with many a pregnant aside in comparison with the average-headers of to-day. And we are delighted to be informed that the legend that the author was a bad bat who became good by watching Ranji is erroneous.

On the cricket field, however, his name will be for ever linked with Ranji's so that it is apposite that an important part of his life should have been associated with the Jam Sahib both in India and Geneva. At the latter place he made his presence felt; no less a person than Mussolini learned to respect the power of C. B. Fry's pen and at one time there was talk of making him King of Albania.

His pages on India are full of sound thinking and robust sense. Those on Germany and her present leaders are just as provocative, but would bear revision or amplification in the light of recent events. Yet it is typical of the author's unexpectedness that he is not afraid to tackle Nazidom while treating the problem of body-line bowling with masterly neglect. Naturally there isn't a dull page in the book.

If Mr. Fry is proud of being an Englishman so is Mr. A. G. Street, although, in **A YEAR OF MY LIFE** (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 7s. 6d.) he doesn't stress the fact specifically.

Everything that Mr. Street writes springs from the very soul of England.

"What shall it profit a man who gains,
Losing his soul, a fleet of aeroplanes."

Thus sang a nonsense poet years ago, not knowing how grim a sermon might to-day be preached upon that text. For too long has Mr. Street's voice been crying (albeit delightfully) in the wilderness. Not until the outbreak of war does the golden coach of unrationed petrol and ploughing subsidies roll up for Cinderella, and Cinderella is expected to work food-producing miracles in the shortest cycle of the seasons.

How pleasantly he discourses upon the seasons only those acquainted with Mr. A. G. Street's writings will properly appreciate. Those who are not are missing so much that they had better make haste to repair the error and might do a lot worse than begin upon this book.

One question I would like to ask the author. He likes September, "either for work or play," better than any other month. How does he deal with harvesters?

The business of the North Sea trawlerman is arduous, dangerous and supremely uncomfortable. The ships in which they put out to navigate stormy and often icy seas are unbelievably small and so low in the water, even when in ballast, that it is difficult to see how they weather the tremendous buffetings they have to face off the Iceland coast. The crews of trawlers usually work on a sharing basis with a minimum wage, so that as long as the trip lasts the interest of every man on board is concentrated on the catch. When a trawler finds a good fishing ground, and these shift unaccountably, fishing goes on ceaselessly until the holds are full and the skipper decides to make for port. At such times men are often on duty for eighteen hours at a time, with only a few moments respite between hauls for a smoke and a cup of thick, sweet tea.

And all the time the ship may be and generally is rocking and pitching so violently that meals can only be managed with the plate held touching the chin; there is a strong and all-pervading smell of fish, with even more potent whiffs from the cod liver oil boilers, and the living or rather sleeping quarters are so cramped that tolerance is not so much a virtue as a necessary regulation.

Remembering all this, it is obvious that a cruise—if I may use that word with its connotations of luxury—in a Grimsby trawler would only attract the most seaworthy traveller, reckless of discomfort and danger. Such a traveller is Mr. F. D. Ommanney, whose *South Latitude* was deservedly one of the best-sellers of the past year. In this instance he has forsaken Antarctica for the hazards of deep sea fishing, and his **NORTH CAPE** (Longmans. 10s. 6d.) is a record of his voyage on one of the North Sea trawlers out of Grimsby, on her routine round-trip.

Since it was a normal trip, the crew, and Mr. Ommanney with them, experienced good weather and bad weather, always remembering that bad weather on a trawler is just as hard to endure as one would suppose, empty nets and good hauls, and hour after hour of each other's company.

Now, Mr. Ommanney is a trained observer and he can report and discourse on the feeding habits of fish and the lack of life in Special Areas with equal insight and lucidity. Where he surpasses the ordinary observer, of however much experience, is in his sympathies, for when these are touched or concerned in any way, a man is apt to write more acutely, more sensitively and to give more importance to the small humanities. When he is writing about the men who were his companions for those few weeks, Mr. Ommanney is at his best and that best is very, very good indeed.

The book follows the progress of Mr. Ommanney's own friendships with the men, so that by the last chapter we have met them all and known them and liked them a little, and in some cases more than that. They were rough and their language was obscene, but they were honest and friendly and direct, and in Mr. Ommanney's words, they and their hard existence comes to life.

There is a quality about Welsh writing, lyrical, forlorn, half-Biblical, half-ranting, that is difficult to assess, but which in most cases results in work that is undeniably readable. There is nothing austere about this Welsh school, for all the invariable grimness of its subjects and the tragedy of their solutions. On the contrary, in the case of novels these seem to be generally the outcome of an abundant memory and a fertile imagination, the Celtic imagination which has given us so many lovely legends. The cumulative effect is sometimes a little overwhelming, too sad, too sweet, too poignant, too majestic. . . . The Welsh people of everyday encounter are hard put to it to live up to their counterparts in fiction.

Mr. Richard Llewellyn's novel is clearly of this type, and a very considerable achievement it is for a first novel. **HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY** (Michael Joseph. 8s. 6d.) tells of a boy's early years spent in a Welsh mining village, up to the time of his father's death in a pit accident, and the family's disruption. Till that time the family had meant everything to the boy, and his experience of life had been gained in watching his devoted mother and father, his brothers and their loves, with disconcertingly sharp eyes. Mr. Gruffydd, the clergyman, was his only mentor, and a long illness which kept him in bed in the house's principal living room gave him plenty of opportunity for watching the quarrels and reconciliations of his elders, and of developing into a sober, reflective little chap with a touch of that Welsh mysticism which is never far to seek.

As a picture of Welsh life as it was lived some twenty or thirty years ago, Mr. Llewellyn's book is indisputably good. He has that genius for evoking old sights and sounds and that poetic attitude towards the things of nature which are often very moving. As a family chronicle also, it has integrity and has obviously been written with great feeling. But just as some of the greatest dramatic performances have been those that were achieved through restraint, so one feels the need for something of that fine discipline here.

THE LOSS OF "ROYAL OAK"

Sunk by an Enemy Submarine During the Night, October 13

AFTER the *Courageous* comes the *Royal Oak*—two fine ships lost as the result of enemy action. On the night of October 13–14 the *Royal Oak* was sunk—presumably by a U-boat—and some 800 gallant British seamen went to their doom. The first news of the loss of the battleship was contained in an Admiralty statement issued at 10.37 a.m. on last Saturday. With a complement of approximately 1,200, the survivors totalled just over 400.

H.M.S. *Royal Oak* was one of five battleships of the Royal Sovereign class. She was laid down in January, 1914, and completed in May, 1916. Her original displacement of 25,750 tons was subsequently increased by various modifications to 29,150 tons. Her armament included eight 15-in., twelve 6-in., and eight 4-in. anti-aircraft guns. She was in action at Jutland as a unit of the Fourth Battle Squadron, and followed immediately astern of Sir John Jellicoe's flagship *Iron Duke*.

It was proposed, under the terms of the Washington Treaty, to scrap her in 1938, but this was deferred. Had not the war occurred, *Royal Oak* would have been regarded as obsolete.

The battleship was commanded by Captain W. G. Benn (who is among the survivors). He took command last July, after having previously commanded the aircraft-carrier *Argus*. He was Director of Navigation at the Admiralty from 1935 to 1938.

THE 29,000-TON BATTLESHIP "ROYAL OAK"

Completed in 1916, sunk with the loss of nearly 800 lives as a result of U-boat action. *On right*—The commander, Captain W. G. Benn, who is amongst the survivors

Anxious relatives scanning the list of survivors at *Royal Oak's* home port

Mothers and daughters, hoping against hope, scan each Admiralty list as it is posted up by the authorities

TWO DISTRESSING SCENES AFTER THE DISASTER

EXPERTS PREPARE TO REBUILD BOMBED BRIDGES

Remarkable efficiency has been achieved by bridge-erection gangs at certain points throughout the country for the repair of trunk road bridges that may be damaged by enemy aircraft. They erect a new type of galvanised steel bridge constructed in sections. It is estimated that a bridge with a span of 140 ft. could be repaired and ready to carry the standard load of traffic in little more than a week. It will be possible to build a span of 200 ft. without a supporting pier, and all bridges of whatever span will carry the heaviest weight likely to be put on the road system. Bridge builders from the North of England and Scotland are receiving instruction at a training depot in the North of England. This picture shows a general view of the bridge builders erecting a huge span at the training depot in the North of England

THE VERY LATEST IN REMOVALS

This Warden's post was erected outside a house in Cranbourne Avenue, Tolworth, Surrey. It obstructed the view of the resident, however, who complained to the local council. The latter decided to remove the post to another point; and here the unique removal is seen in progress

GAS-BAGS ONCE AGAIN

Following the shortage of petrol the gas-bag car is beginning to make its reappearance in the London streets. Here is one belonging to the South Metropolitan Gas Company

THE PETROL WORLD

THE "BLACK-OUT" and the DRIVER

Some of the Dangers and the Difficulties of Driving in Urban Districts After Dark

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

HAVING spent a few hours the other evening driving round the West End of London and the suburbs during the hours of darkness I have no hesitation in saying that the lighting of vehicles and of road obstructions is absolutely chaotic. I am quite convinced that neither the Minister of Transport nor any of his high officials have ever attempted to drive a car during the hours of the black-out. We are not told what the weekly road casualties amount to but they must be colossal and a great proportion are quite avoidable.

Dictators, I know, are not popular, but the present situation regarding lighting calls for the intervention of an energetic practical motorist whose edicts would have to be obeyed by all the various road authorities whose methods at present differ considerably.

Judging by my experience I think pedestrians are definitely becoming more careful, but they must carry some white object with them or have a white patch on their clothes so that their presence on the roadway can be discerned. Unless they are so equipped they are completely invisible and the only way that a motorist can tell if one is on the road is by his body intercepting the ray of light from a lamp ahead. I am in thorough agreement with pedestrians using torches but I would ask them to discontinue the practice which seems prevalent of flashing them in the eyes of passing drivers whilst they stand on the pavement waiting to cross.

As I have said, the pedestrian danger appears to be lessening, but the ever present risk of coming into collision with a centrally-placed island is just as great as ever. Judging by the number of islands which have been demolished, one would have thought that the Ministry of Transport would have done something about it. The presence of an island is indicated by all manner of means. Sometimes by a red lamp about three feet off the ground, other times by a row of small lights, and sometimes by the dimly lit transparent panel, bearing the words "keep left." The latter is by far the most satisfactory, but even if the driver can distinguish an island, he is left completely in the dark as to its width. What is required are specially coloured lights placed in the correct positions, so that the location and width of an island are easily discerned.

Strange as it may appear to those who have not tried driving in a black-out in a city, the great trouble at the moment is that there is too much light, and driving would be far less hazardous if the intensity of the lights used on stationary and moving objects was reduced.

When one pulls up at traffic lights because the red is showing, just as the driver moves off when green appears he is completely dazzled by the yellow which is by far the worst offender. Obviously, if the traffic lights were further dimmed, as they should be, for night driving, they would become totally invisible during the hours of daylight. To overcome this difficulty they should be allowed to remain as they are during the day and a more efficient screen placed over them after dark. There are so many police and air raid wardens on duty that the question of labour to carry out this work should not present any difficulty. At any rate, as things are at present, the yellow, and to a lesser extent the green, of traffic lights completely prevent the driver from seeing a pedestrian anywhere on the road past the lights.

We motorists have rejoiced that at last cyclists are compelled by law to carry a red rear light. A danger at the moment, of course, is that many of them have been unable to purchase the necessary lamps as a sufficient quantity is not available to meet the demand, but it is a strange world we are now living in because I found that although the motorist has to obscure his red tail lamp the cyclist is not asked to do so, with the result that his red lamp dazzles the car driver.

A cyclist, when he has the proper lights on his machine, is definitely visible from the rear and from the front, but when he comes at you at an angle there is a great danger of him not being seen. He is, of course, no different than the motor-car in this respect, but now that we have to paint a white strip along the edges of our running boards the car is fairly visible from all angles. I think, therefore, if I were a cyclist and had to use the road at night I would paint my whole machine with white enamel.

For years, in these notes of mine I have pleaded for a code of lights on our highways. Driving under present conditions at night one sees, say, a red light and it is quite impossible, unless one has had a lot of experience, to be certain whether it indicates a stationary or a moving vehicle, an island, a cyclist or a hole in the road. With a little thought it should be quite possible for all these various types of obstructions to be identified at a distance by the colour or placings of the lights carried. In other words, we want a definite language of lights.

The rear light on cars is sometimes most confusing. On occasions it is carried on the tail of the vehicle, in the centre, and sometimes, which is even more dangerous, on the nearside. In the present circumstances every car should have two red tail lamps placed in the same relative positions as the two front side-lamps.

As mentioned before, our streets in the cities and suburbs are staffed with a goodly number of police and I think they might be well employed in preventing inconsiderate motorists from parking their cars so that their front side-lamps face the wrong way. Even in peace time this practice was most reprehensible, but to-day it is far more dangerous and should definitely be stopped. I think, too, that in the present circumstances taxicabs should not be permitted to park in the centre of streets, because their red rear-lamps cause confusion and add to the risk of accident.

From what I have said, which is all the result of practical experience, it will be gathered that the present situation is so dangerous that it demands the immediate attention of the Minister of Transport. If he only could be induced to go out and drive a car himself in the black-out he would agree that my observations are sound and demand fresh measures to be taken to alleviate the position.

Perhaps the Ministry would reply that motorists should not drive at night time. Our answer would be that no one takes a car out in the dark unless he is compelled to do so, because even if my proposals were adopted motoring under the altered conditions would even still be unpleasant enough to prevent unnecessary motoring. Again, if air raids take place a tremendous number of fire engines, ambulances, and staff cars would have to be driven round the streets, principally by people who have had very little experience of night driving under the conditions ruling at the moment. In their interest alone something should be done.

The British Standards Institution, on the suggestion of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, recently set up a committee to determine the various types of glass which could properly be termed safety-glass for use in land transport, and to draw up appropriate specifications and tests.

This committee's report has been published. Safety-glass which complies with the standards may be marked with the registered certification mark of the B.S.I. This is a guarantee to the public that the glass has passed the very stringent tests laid down in the specification.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Committee of this well known Society were very gratified to hear recently that at the School Commercial Certificate Examination held at the Royal Society of Arts in July last, twenty-eight candidates from their Bisley Central School branch were successful, thirteen being placed in the First Class, and fifteen in the Second Class. A total of ninety-three subject passes with credit were secured. This speaks well for the training given to the poor children under their care. This Society has been hard hit through funds dropping at this time of strain, and new supporters are badly needed. Please send donations to 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, from which address they will be gratefully acknowledged.

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Forest ponies as placid as ever. Cattle browsing in our acres of meadowland. The sunlight playing daily on our lake. Fruit and garden produce awaiting your daily consumption. Come now.

BURLEY MANOR HOTEL

AT BURLEY HEART OF THE NEW FOREST

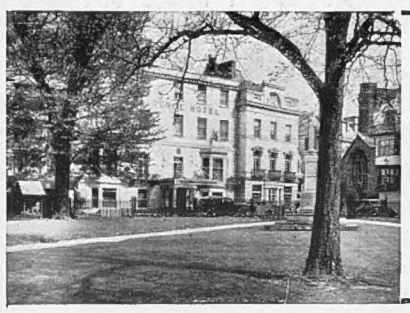
A beautifully equipped first-class hotel run on first-class lines by the new Resident Proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. H. Dakin Markham. *'Phone Burley 70*

FOR the dignity of the past and the improvements of modern times.

The Kings Hotel

Brighton

Specially reduced terms for long term residence.



In the quiet of the Cathedral Close

Polished oak and panelled walls on the one hand, grill room, lifts and running water on the other. A fine example of an 18th-century English coaching house perfectly modernised. A place where eating and drinking is a real pleasure.

Royal Clarence Hotel

EXETER

—the gateway to Devon. Write for brochure or 'phone: 4071-2.

HOLNE PARK HOTEL, ASHBURTON, S. DEVON

Come and fish, feast, and forget, at this first-class Country House Hotel, situated on perhaps the most beautiful stretch of the River Dart. Here indeed Nature dominates over thoughts of war. Let us send you our Brochure.

Winter Terms from **3½ Gns.**

PRIORY HOTEL, EXETER ROAD, BOURNEMOUTH 1 MINUTE PIER and SQUARE

This Hotel—**midway between Square, Pier and Pavilion**—is modern, airy and spotlessly clean with good food and service, excellent beds, and every comfort to make its patrons wish to prolong their stay in this delightful Resort. Large Garage in grounds. A.A. R.A.C. *Tel. 1851.* *'Grams: "Sunny."*

Terms from **4 gns.**

WOODSIDE HOTEL, HAILSHAM, SUSSEX

Safety without Solitude! For we are only 6 miles from Eastbourne, and lie in 6½ acres of grounds off the London—Eastbourne road. We have all modern conveniences such as central heating and H. and C.: and as we are a Country Club as well, there is always congenial company.

Terms from **3½ gns.**

DUDLEY HOTEL, HOVE, SUSSEX

Just off the front and within a few paces of the Hove lawns, this first-class hotel will appeal to those who are appreciative of a high standard of comfort, cuisine, and service. Completely modernised and re-furnished, and under the personal direction of Mr. F. Kung (Swiss).

Terms from **5½ Gns.**

BOSCARN HOTEL, LOOE, SOUTH CORNWALL

Safety, Sands and Sunshine. Here is a perfect place for your family, far from the madding War. Here they can enjoy contentment of mind, beauty of environment and Cornish produce fresh from local farms. A first-class hotel on the water's edge. Special terms for children.

From **4 gns.** per week.

MANOR HOUSE HOTEL, MUNDESLEY-ON-SEA, NORFOLK

Each year, many who appreciate good food, good wines and good service, winter with us. They are also appreciative of the joys of central heating and good fires, should the weather turn cold. Yet, on the whole, we enjoy a wonderful climate, and there are few days when one cannot be out on the 18-hole golf course.

Weekly Terms from **3½ gns.** Month or longer

MOOR HALL HOTEL, NINFIELD, Near BEXHILL

A safe and sunny spot, self-contained (11 acres) and self-supporting—even to growing our own bacon. Horses to ride, tennis courts to play on, rabbits to shoot. Such is an indication of life at "the hotel with a country house atmosphere." Resident Props.: Mr. & Mrs. Eric Johnson. Tel. Ninfield 30.

Terms from **3 gns.**

QUEEN'S HOTEL, PENZANCE, CORNWALL

Winter Wisely! Here, on the sea front, facing South and overlooking Mount's Bay and St. Michael's Mount, is an hotel which for years has been to many a winter home. 100 bedrooms. Modern bathrooms. Lift. Our telegraphic address is "Seaward," and our watchword "Comfort."

Terms from **3½ gns.**

THE GRANVILLE HOTEL, ST. MARGARET'S BAY, KENT

A Winter Sun-trap, sheltered from the North, in a peaceful reception area, and surrounded by good golf courses, this modernly equipped and long established hotel has always appealed to those people of good taste who seek relaxation from the travails of every-day life.

Terms from **4 Gns.**

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL, ST. LEONARD'S-ON-SEA, SUSSEX

An hotel of dignity and solidity, built to withstand the onslaughts of weather . . . and even war. A favourite hotel to winter in. A sun-trap, and a sanctuary for all who appreciate that blessed feeling of . . . peace.

Terms from **5 gns.** inc.

BEAUFORT HOTEL, TINTERN, WYE VALLEY

The famous Abbey faces us. The loveliness of the Wye Valley surrounds us. To stay with us is to remain, for here good fires, good cooking and good service make the perfect alliance.

Terms **5 gns.** inclusive

In Quest of

Bournemouth for the Winter

Many First-

BOURNEMOUTH seems to be oblivious of the shadow effects of war. Notices directing one to air raid shelters seem peculiarly out of place amidst the pines, and in the brightness of her hotels one forgets the blackness without. Of course, every hotel prominently features its air raid shelters, and as a consequence the phrase "H. and C. in all bedrooms" has been relegated to the background, and for this small beneficial effect of the war, we are truly thankful.

Before arriving again at Bournemouth I had heard the usual crop of rumours. "Packed with evacuees" I was told; but with my own eyes I observed that there are no signs of abnormality in her hotels. Many hotels suffered in September owing to cancelled bookings, and the winter trade has only just begun.

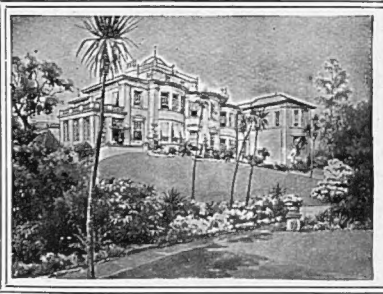
Such and such an hotel has, I was told, been "taken over by the Government," but practically no hotel has been commandeered or is likely to be if the powers-that-be are wise. Bournemouth's great and only industry is that of hotel-keeping, and she should be taxed to capacity as the war proceeds. "Leave" will commence. Convalescents must be cared for. Those who normally have wintered abroad will discover Bournemouth. Next year holidays will be more than ever necessary, and such is the variety of Bournemouth's industry that there are hotels to suit all varying tastes and dwindling purses.

I revisited Bourne Hall, an hotel which is consistently good, and, in these war days when petrol is a rare commodity, more than ever in the key position. Close to the West Station and just off a main bus route to the Square, shops, and Pavilion, neither a car nor taxi is necessary. For value for money and for short or permanent residence, Bourne Hall takes a lot of beating. Comfort, cleanliness, and cuisine are three words which are applied rather loosely in relationship to hotels, but at Bourne Hall you will find these three attributes in very full measure.

Bourne Hall always reminds me of a well-run one-class ship. The amount you pay per week varies according to the accommodation you specify. The public rooms, the service, and the cuisine are the same for all. "The ship" is large enough to cater for a sufficient number of "passengers" so that age, sex, and temperaments are well distributed.

If you are a man who likes his club you will like Bourne Hall for their smoking rooms, and the billiards room can be your special preserve. Further, there are so many other lounges that there is no overcrowding and one can read, write, play cards, knit, chat, without intruding on other people's pursuits. In short, it is a friendly, first-class hotel where in war-time one can live comfortably and free from worry at as low a price, I believe, as 4 gns. a week.

It is only a seven-minute walk from Bourne Hall to the west cliff, and here will be found a formidable array of hotels; and doubtless all of them facing the sea have reasonable claim that they occupy the "finest position overlooking the bay." Certainly from the solarium



Within its Own Beautiful Grounds

THERE'S PEACE, WARMTH, AND COMFORT

at

LINCOMBE HALL

TORQUAY

Central heating and modern appointments. Many bedrooms with private bath. First-class cuisine. Inclusive terms from 4 guineas.

WRITE FOR BROCHURE

A Perfect Haven of Refuge in Ideal Surroundings.

One of the few leading hotels still catering exclusively for visitors

PARK HALL

TORQUAY

COVERED VERANDAH

FACING DUE SOUTH

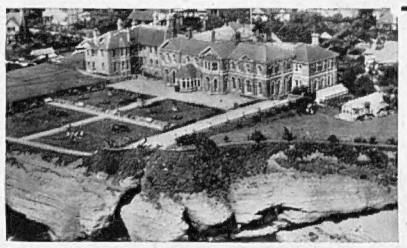
VITA-GLASS SUN LOUNGE

SUPERB SEA VIEWS

3 ACRES GROUNDS

Moderate terms include FREE GOLF (18 holes), Tennis, Squash, Badminton, Billiards and Bridge. Refurnished and redecorated throughout. Miss R. Ross, Mgrss.

'Phone Torquay 3434



WHY NOT?

Gardens running to the cliff's edge . . . an hotel with every window looking on to Torbay . . . a town really famous for its amenities and its climate . . . free recreation . . . moderate terms. Reside there in war-time? Of course. Why not?

HEADLAND HOTEL, TORQUAY

The Headland is a very first-class, unlicensed hotel, on the level, away from all traffic noise, yet close to bus routes. The cuisine is exceptionally good. There are private suites and private baths. Manager, A. Tschumy (Swiss).

Telephone: Torquay 2161

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Season : A Choice of Class Hotels

of the Tollard Royal Hotel one gets a forty-mile vista, which will denote its outstanding position.

But the Tollard Royal is outstanding in other ways. The licensed bridge club attached is a great attraction to many ; though, to my mind, a very real asset is the fact that one always finds the same staff to greet one—and I for one appreciate "recognition." The terms at the Tollard Royal are in the 5½ gns. a week region—not a high price for the comfort and cuisine to be experienced there.

Farther along towards the west lies Canford Cliffs Hotel, an hotel unique for its country house atmosphere. Although some little way from the centre of Bournemouth, that does not deter people of standing from staying at an hotel where rooms with private bath are more the rule than the exception.

It is essentially an hotel which has a quiet appeal to what might be termed "the landed gentry" and distinguished people in all walks of life. Sea-views, but with a degree of privacy one cannot get in the town itself. A private path to the beach. Almost a private way on to Parkstone Golf Links—for the hotel is quite close to, I believe, the sixth tee. One's privacy in general is here respected, and a feeling of peace . . . predominates. Terms from 1 guinea a day.

And now for an hotel on the east cliff, and which again has a country house atmosphere, but which will appeal to those whose purse is limited to 4, 4½ or 5 guineas a week. Hinton Firs rather hides itself amongst the pines. It is mostly full, or thereabouts, all the year round. There is much taste about Hinton Firs, and that is a word which can apply in this case both to furnishings and fare. Hinton Firs, in a class of its own, is immensely good.

In conclusion, I would say a word of correction in respect of an hotel I mentioned in "Answers to Correspondents" last week—The Priory Hotel, Eastern Road, Bournemouth. My remarks might have suggested it was an hotel which catered for invalids. Let me make haste to correct any such erroneous idea.

Its visitors, even if some are now elderly, are hale and hearty. And I should not be surprised, should motor cars disappear, to see a cavalcade of bicycles emerge from the Priory's front gate! Being one minute from the pier, the pavilion and shops, the Priory has an appeal to those of all ages who respect quietude, spotless cleanliness and personal service. It is on this latter point I tripped up as regards my suggestion of invalids. I am sure if I was taken poorly at the Priory I should be well looked after. I almost relish the thought!

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

DORSET SQUARE HOTEL

Telephone: Paddington 4452 (3 lines)

Dorset Square, off Baker Street, N.W.1

An Hotel of unusual charm where both staff and the resident proprietors contrive to make you feel very much at home . . . even in war time. All poultry, eggs and butter still come daily from Cornish farms. Every bedroom is perfectly appointed even to a private telephone. Fully equipped gas and air raid shelter.

UNDER SAME DIRECTION, BOSCARN HOTEL LOOE

The New Luxury Hotel of the North . . .

People of discrimination and The Clifton Arms are naturally drawn together. North country folk have already discovered this ; Southerners should remember it next time they are in the North. And above all prices are reasonable. You will never be over-charged, you will always receive value for money in terms of comfort, service and good food . . . which we believe is the best in the North-West. £40,000 was spent to bring the Clifton Arms up to our standards.

Details and Brochure from J. J. HERITIER,

CLIFTON ARMS HOTEL,

LYTHAM ST. ANNES

QUALITY and SERVICE AT MODERATE PRICES

AND *NOW*, Mr. Business-Man!

If you must stay within reach of Town during the war, why not make your base at

THE RED HOUSE, LEATHERHEAD

Frequent electric trains reach London in half an hour. A most comfortable, quiet hotel, a lovely garden, excellent tennis courts. Telephone : 2271

AND HERE IS PEACE . . . in a sheltered park of 60 acres, a sun-trap 400 feet up, an hospitable hotel for residence during the dark days of winter and war. London under an hour by train. Sporting golf course in the grounds.

THE SPA HOTEL ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS

First-class in comfort, cooking and service. 85 rooms and suites.

Write to S. Hancock, Director, for tariff-booklet entitled "And here is peace."

Telephone : Tunbridge Wells 1911

Is there a war on? It's difficult in this peaceful spot to realise it. The flags of our private Golf Course flutter in the Autumn breeze. Not a sound at night except perhaps that of an owl on night patrol. A perfect spot for your loved ones to reside in during the trying days ahead.

ELFORDLEIGH HOTEL

Near PLYMPTON SOUTH DEVON

Under the personal direction of the proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. T. Barrow Dowling.

TERMS FROM 3½ TO 5 GNS. TELEPHONE: PLYMPTON 221411

THE SAFEST PLACE ON EARTH . . .

ST. BRELADE'S BAY HOTEL

JERSEY, CHANNEL ISLANDS

Your telegraphic address would be "Sheltered, Jersey. Your daily aspect "Sunny." Your private life "Serene. There are a number every year who "winter" at St. Brelade's Bay, economically, pleasurably, and profitably to their health. Come and swell the number this year and feel . . . at peace. Telephone 1 St. Aubin, or write to B. COLLEY, for details of accommodation still available.

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Ashburton (S. Devon).—Holne Park Hotel.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle.—Welltown Manor Guest Hse. Tel. 17
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Hinton Firs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Priory Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal.
Brighton.—The Kings Hotel.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Brixham.—Berry Head House Hotel. Tel. 3314.
Budleigh Salterton.—Rosemullion Hotel.
Burley (New Forest).—Burley Manor Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold Hse. Htl. Tel.330
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Telephone 2219.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel.
Harlyn Bay (Cornwall).—Lower Pol Mark.
Harrogate.—Prospect Htl.**** R.A.C. Tel. 3015.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Looe.—Boscarn Hotel.
Lytham St. Annes.—Clifton Arms Hotel.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Mundesley-on-Sea (Norfolk).—Manor Hse. Htl.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Newton Ferrers (S. Devon).—Sheiling Gst. Hse.
Ninfield (nr. Bexhill).—Moor Hall Hotel. Tel.30
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Paignton.—Ravenswood, Cliff Road.
Penzance (Cornwall).—Queen's Hotel.
Plympton (S. Devon).—Elfordleigh Hotel.
St. Leonard's-on-Sea.—Royal Victoria Hotel.
St. Margaret's Bay (Kent).—The Granville Htl.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—The Torbay Hotel.
Tintern.—Beaufort Hotel.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall. Tel. 2302.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks.).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 109.
Weymouth.—Royal Hetol. Tels. 627 & 628.

ENGLAND—*continued*

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brachets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.
Sutton-on-Trent (133¼).—Old England Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Bryan House, Blackheath, S.E.3.
Dorset Square Hotel, Dorset Square, N.W.1.
Fairview Hotel, Hampstead, N.W.3. HAM 1446
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
United Services Hotel, S.W.7. Tel. Wes. 7131.

SCOTLAND

Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel. Tel. 7.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.
Tweedsmuir.—The Crook Inn.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

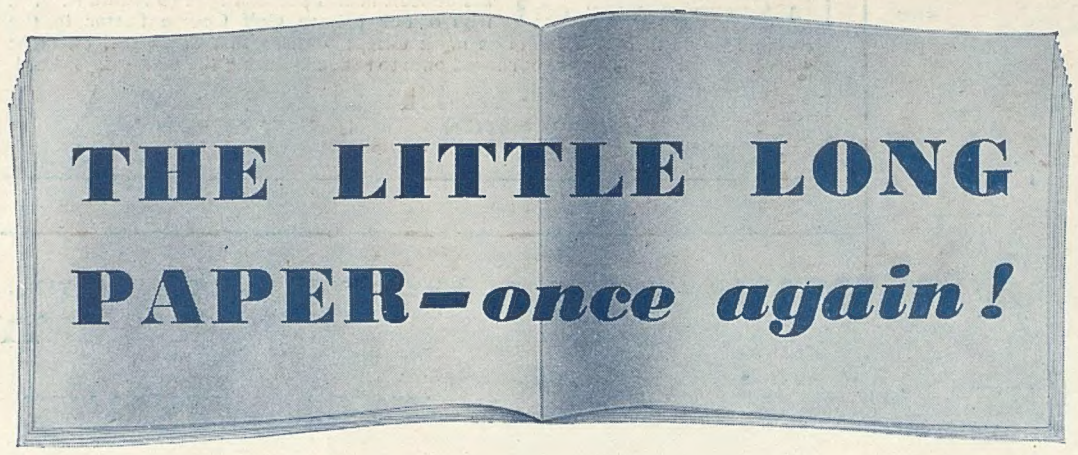
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Facing sea.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakeley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.



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